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The Author of "The Descendant"*

LESS THAN three months ago there appeared, among the books issued by Messrs. Harper & Bros., an anonymous novel bearing the title of "The Descendant." The truth that a strong book is bound to command attention was exemplified in this case, for, although "The Descendant" had had little preliminary advertising, it was pounced upon by the reviewers at once. Some of the critics were content to call it interesting, others stigmatized it as painful or morbid. No one accused it of weakness. There were naturally many speculations as to its authorship, the majority inclining to the belief that it was the work of a man. One well-known bookman declared that it bore every evidence of having come from the hand of the author of "The Damnation of Theron Ware." A few perceived traces of the eternal feminine in its pages, among them being *The Critic's* reviewer, who said, in its issue of May 22:—"The writer is evidently a woman. This is made manifest, not by any absence of virility, but by the presence of certain delicacies of insight, such as no man could be expected to exhibit." The same writer said:—"If Hall Caine had written this novel, the world would have said that it was one of his most powerful stories, and much more coherent and artistic than anything he had previously done." To all those who yield even a partial assent to this opinion, it will doubtless come with a shock of surprise to learn that the book is not only by a woman, but by a young woman. Except for the last few chapters, it was entirely written before the author had reached her twenty-second birthday.

The girl who has acquired this remarkable result is Miss Ellen Glasgow of Richmond, Virginia. The value of her book as a piece of creative work is heightened by the fact that she has led a rather secluded life. A delicate child, she had little school training, although she was always an omnivorous reader, and had the real child's appetite for fairytales—a passion which she admits she has never quite outgrown. She says herself that she remembers learning to read in order to enjoy unassisted the pages of Grimm's Tales, and of Sir Walter Scott. By the time she was thirteen, she had learned to love Robert Browning, and he has never lost the first place among poets in her heart, although Swinburne holds a close second. This imaginative development was perhaps no more than one often sees in a bright child. But in Miss Glasgow's case there was much more. At the age of eighteen she began a systematic study of political economy and socialism. She read the works of Draper, Buckle, Lecky, Gibbon, Romanes, Weissman and many others, and was strongly influenced by John Stuart Mill—an influence that declares itself clearly in "The Descendant." It was almost a matter of course that she should be an ardent disciple of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer, and an advocate of Huxley and Haeckel. She brought her mind to a point where her imagination was held in check, although not fettered, by her scientific training. As one who knows her intimately says of her:—"Law and the workings of phenomena by law became her point of view." All this abstract science has been unable, however, to banish the inborn love of stories. To this day, Miss Glasgow finds her greatest intellectual enjoyment in a fine novel, and it seems almost a matter of course that Thomas Hardy should be to her the first of all novelists, living or dead, although it is less clear why she should prefer "Jude the Obscure" to any of his other books. It is a far cry from Hardy to another prime favorite of hers—Lafcadio Hearn,—and one more readily understands why her special favorites among

novels should be "Les Misérables," "Vanity Fair" and "Anna Karénina."

With all the work Miss Glasgow has done, she has had little time for social life. Society does not attract her especially, and she is quiet and reserved in company, although, when her interest or sympathy is awakened, the ready southern cordiality warms her manner. But better than all social contact she loves her books and animals. Even the birds of the air are her pets, and their clamor at her window often sends her flying from her desk to the pantry to secure the supply of crumbs they have learned to expect from her hands. While "The Descendant" is Miss Glasgow's first published work, her writing is no new thing. By the time she could read in words of two syllables she had begun to scribble verses. While a mere girl she wrote a novel. When it was completed, she had the rare discernment to perceive that, if strong in parts, as a whole it fell short of what she believed she could accomplish, and she did not even attempt to publish it. Although "The Descendant" was not produced without deep thought, it was a thoroughly spontaneous work, written with absolute sincerity and passionate absorption. It can scarcely be doubted that the woman who, as a girl, could show the self-restraint to refuse to offer to the public a book she believed to be below her best powers, will have the courage to decline to produce new work so quickly as to endanger the reputation she has already won.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

Literature

The Divinatory Origin of Games of Chance

1. *The Gambling Games of the Chinese in America: Fdn T'an, the Game of Repeatedly Spreading Out, and Pak Kóp Pui; or, The Game of White Pigeon Tickets.* By Stewart Culin. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1891. 2. *Chinese Games with Dice and Dominoes.* By Stewart Culin, Director of the Museum of Archaeology and Palaeontology, University of Pennsylvania. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1895. 3. *East Indian Fortune Telling with Dice; Syrian Games with Dice; Tip Cats.* By Stewart Culin. (Separate Reprint from the Proceedings of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, 1892.) 4. *Mancala, the National Game of Africa.* By Stewart Culin. Washington: Smithsonian Institution. 1896. 5. *Korean Games. With Notes on Corresponding Games of China and Japan.* By Stewart Culin. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1895.

WHEN man first became aware of his location on the earth, it appeared to him that he occupied the central point of a great circle. For that reason, the symbol \odot has been from primitive times significant. It next occurred to man to find means to keep from getting lost. Obviously the points of sunrise and sunset, together with the intermediate points, north and south, would be determined. Hence $+$ may be taken as the earliest map. It is almost certain that it is the most ancient and universal cosmic symbol. The circle represents the ring of the horizon, and thence the world; the cross, whether inscribed or not, originally symbolized the four cardinal points of the compass, or the four winds. This idea is quite common to primitive culture, ancient and modern. Mr. Culin has added one more element for consideration—the arrow. He shows how in the beginning the arrow of a man was representative of that man. The arrow also belonged to, or stood for, one of the quarters of the world, or for one of the spirits or gods of cosmic space. Now, Korea divides its inhabitants politically according to these world quarters. Also in Korea, perhaps more clearly than elsewhere at such a stage of development, the connection of the arrow with games of chance is observable. Incidentally Mr. Culin shows that the decorated shaft of the arrow was

* See portrait on page 390.

possibly the origin of the heraldic devices by which warriors were distinguished; and, what is still more interesting, that the cylindrical seals of ancient Babylon and Peru were originally the pictured or marked shaft of the arrow—the owner's private signature.

Mr. Culin goes on to show how in the games of China, Korea and Africa the original purpose was one and the same—*i. e.*, divination. He traces the development of the arrow into the sticks and splints first used for divining. In many parts of the world the marks that characterize these splints are identical. The fan was first a handful of fortune-tellers' sticks. Hence the fan is for luck, and the Chinese gambling game, *Fàn T'án*, shows the origin of its name in the process employed, that is, of "successively spreading out." The Chinese and Korean fortune-tellers, and the fortune-tellers in our own cities, all pursue the same methods. It is shown, also, by Mr. Culin that dice, dominoes, checkers and playing-cards are derived from the arrow. The first object of all games is divinatory: they are cosmical in their origin. The writer of this notice conjectures that the reason why the arrow, and consequently the divining-rod and the fortune-tellers' splints, can tell fortunes, the reason why they are wiser than the man who uses them, is originally because they are filled with the spirit, or genius, or *djin*, or *mana*, that comes up in their sap, or life-blood. This life-blood comes from the streams of water into which the roots of the plant—palm, grape, reed, or corn—dip, and this water comes up from Hades, where is the fountain of life—the waters of wisdom welling up at the roots of Yggdrasil, the cosmic tree. This water was generally held in primitive thought to be the blood of the God, the inner life of the Soul of the World. Therefore the arrows, the fortune-tellers' sticks, the dice (first of wood) and the cards, knew just in what direction to fall, since the divine intelligence was in them.

In the Chinese language the name for a fortune-teller's stick and for playing-cards is *tsin*—arrow. The first games were religious functions, then they became magic, lastly they became methods of chance or of luck. In reality the distance from the beginning to the end is not far. Mr. Culin thinks also that the cosmical nature of the games comes out when one examines again and closely the methods of divination. The sticks or dice are thrown into a bowl. This bowl represents the world. Chinese and North American Indians alike, decorate the divining-bowl with a symbol which signifies that it represents the world, with its four quarters or six points (nadir and zenith being added), or seven (the middle point being included). Still further was the number of these points of direction increased. But whether it be the Korean *nyout-hpan*, or the Buddhist sixty-four hexagrams, the Polynesian game of parchesi, or the games of Dignitaries and of the Way of Life, or chess or checkers or backgammon, the underlying principle, the starting-point, is in the arrows and the cosmic bowl. Mancala, which reminds the reader of a game of marbles familiar to all boys, is only another form of divination with the cosmic bowl. One striking feature of this matter is that primitive peoples as far apart in time and space as the Koreans, Zúñi, old Greeks, Chinese, ancient Egyptians, Peruvians, Basques, Scandinavians, Mayas, Lapps, Maldives, Kelts—but why prolong the list?—had the same ideas with regard to the arrow; and the development of the idea through the several stages till it evolved into conventionally shaped implements for games of chance was similar, if not identical, in these diverse times and places.

About races we are at the present forbidden to speak. Just now language takes the place of race. What explanation can be given for this curious identity in the world-wide customs of divining? Contact and communication may be supposed, but the hypothesis is extreme. Did ancient Assyria borrow from the Moki Indians of what is now the southwestern United States? Did the Koreans have communication with the extinct Etruscans? When we come to know

the dates of the history of the evolution of certain ideas, we find that the hypothesis of intercommunication must be modified. There are, undoubtedly, large areas in the region of custom and myth where the sensible conclusion is that similarity, even identity, has arisen, not by migration and intercommunication, but from the psychic unity of mankind.

Mr. Culin's collections of the games of the world deposited in the Museum of Archaeology of the University of Pennsylvania and the National Museum at Washington, D. C., deserve the careful examination of all students of anthropology. His method in his books is strictly scientific and extremely cautious. It is distinctly original; he never threshes out the old straw. His data are drawn, not from books, but from objects, the results that he announces are new and fresh. After careful deliberation, Mr. Culin's "Korean Games" (5) must be pronounced a unique book, and therefore great in its own field. Even though the reader may dissent from some of the author's hypotheses, yet the latter's powers of coordination will be recognized as unusual. Also, these books will in their method serve as patterns for original archaeological research. In typographical excellence and accuracy and artistic value of illustration, they leave nothing to be desired.

Now that the laws against gambling are enforced in our large cities, opportunities for the study of *Fàn T'án* and *Pák Kóp Píú* (White Pigeon Tickets) cannot be so easily obtained as formerly. But fortune-telling can be examined in the Chinese quarters, and in any Chinese laundry. The student, with the aid of Mr. Culin's works, will be able to discern the significance of much that may have seemed only fantastical. The field is important: it is open to all. In it may be found the root of many a popular superstition. For instance, when the unsuccessful card-player rises and walks around the table or his chair, he is practising a survival of the old ceremonial circuit, which was the origin of the sacred dance and of religious processions. This circuit was, and is, made to propitiate the gods of the world quarters, still represented, in primitive custom, by four or more arrows appropriately ornamented with paint or other significant symbol marks, and set up toward the points of the compass. When he that shuffles the cards blows into the pack for luck, we are reminded of the hierophants of the Zúñi and Moki Indians, so carefully studied by Messrs. Frank H. Cushing and J. Walter Fewkes. Dr. Washington Mathews has shown a similar custom of blowing with the breath in Navajo sacred rites. The prayer-feather, also, is an adjunct of the arrow, in universal primitive culture. Other objects not strictly belonging to games of chance are treated of in these volumes, such as the kite, the buzz or bull-roarer, the top, certain puzzles and others. These have a somewhat sacred significance, and in some instances are apparently cosmical in their origin. There will always remain ample room for entertaining speculations when all these ingenious conjectures have been made, with reason, by Mr. Culin. Thus, if the four world-quarters account for the four suits in a pack of cards, do the six spots on the die come from the six chief points of space? To these six points the Zúñi casts his offering of sacred meal. Has six anything to do with the duodecimal method of numeration adopted by some prehistoric races? Confessedly the decimal system is natural. Or do the six marks on the die arise from the exigency of the six sides of the cube? Probably the cube was an effect, not a cause. When we come to collect and study tally sticks and calendar sticks, we shall probably get new to the beginning of the alphabets. Dr. Brinton, in his studies of Mayan writing, has shown the chronological origin of some of the Mayan characters. The origin of runes and ogham marks may have been on notched sticks. Thus, out of the primitive man's outreaching in time and space, we have inherited literature and religion, history, geography and chronology—and the great American game of Draw Poker.

A Famous Physician

Vita Medica. Chapters of Medical Life and Work. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS is not only a detailed account of the medical life and professional labor of its distinguished author, but to some extent an epitome of the history of the progress of medicine during the past fifty years. It is full of instructive reading, not only for members of the medical profession, but for all who are interested in sanitary science and preventive medicine. From the time the author began his professional career, till the day of his death, his life, to make use of his own expression, was one of "constant endeavor." We cannot recall an instance of another physician who possessed such versatility of talent, and who labored to develop his original ideas with such unflagging, tireless energy. Besides being a successful practising physician, well informed as to the treatment of disease, Sir Benjamin was a scientific chemist, both in analysis and synthesis. In experimental physiology he made many important discoveries, and in sanitary science, no one man has accomplished more. In all new discoveries pertaining to medical science he took the liveliest interest. For instance, he experimented with various agents, hoping to find an anæsthetic that would destroy sensibility without taking away the consciousness of the patient, thus rendering it perfectly safe and harmless to life, and, although he did not succeed, he was firmly convinced that such an agent would yet be found. He was the first to make use of local anæsthesia in surgery, and Richardson's hand-ball spray apparatus for throwing ether upon the part to be operated on, which by its rapid evaporation destroys local sensibility, has been for many years, and is still, largely used by surgeons. The "lethal chamber," for putting domestic animals painlessly to death, was devised by him and is now in use on a large scale at the Dogs' Home at Battersea. Numerous other scientific discoveries were made by Sir Benjamin, among which was that of transmitting sunlight rays by means of a tube through the solid structures of the body—being, in fact, Röntgen's method, anticipated by nearly thirty years, but making use of sunlight instead of electricity. He succeeded in making bones visible, and some so transparent that large words could be read through them. This discovery he utilized for diagnosing and destroying tumors in soft transparent parts.

If Sir Benjamin had accomplished no other beneficent work during his busy life, his labors in the cause of temperance alone should entitle him to the gratitude of mankind. In Chapter XIX, "The Battle with Alcohol" is vividly described. He declares that he was not influenced by the moral denunciations of others against alcohol, but by the firm conviction, resulting from careful observation and experiment, that it was "not only unnecessary for life, but an enemy to life." For many years he waged war against its use, not only as a beverage, but as a medicine in the treatment of disease, and he at least had the satisfaction of knowing before his death that, mainly through his individual efforts, much had been accomplished in influencing physicians against its reckless and indiscriminate medical administration. In reply to the charge that abstainers are not progressing in the way they ought to do he says:—

"I think we have progressed rapidly. We were the citizens of a generation or two since of an alcoholic world. Alcohol literally, as well as nominally, ruled the roost. A man or woman who would not offer a glass of wine was branded as mean, ignorant or vulgar. Not a medical consultation could be held but that in the consulting-room were found the wine-bottles and wine-glasses. They are rarely, if ever, there now. Every solemn act, down to the preparatory gathering at a funeral, was solemnized by wine. The solemnization has disappeared. Feats of speed, of courage, of hard work, were encouraged by wine. The encouragement has lost its bearing. People who were about to incur their lives were rejected if they were abstainers. They are certainly now daily rejected because they are imbibers of the very substance that once

secured them. All great responsibilities are accepted and welcomed if they are undertaken by abstainers, and they are considered vulgar who press the wine-cup. At one time ministers in the pulpit were in fear whenever they raised their voices against the use of strong drink as a beverage or sustainer. Now they compete in speaking against drink wisely and well.

"A most important change has also taken place in the treatment of the sick. * * * Wine, wine, wine, was the cry of a quarter of a century ago. Brandy was the so-called sheet-anchor."

Alcohol having ceased to retain its sway as a food or medicament, as a logical consequence "I have witnessed two events: a hospital erected from which alcohol is practically excluded, and a society formed consisting of medical men who treat the diseases under their care without alcohol." Upon the completion of this most interesting volume the life of the gifted author came suddenly to an end. The last line was written just before eight o'clock in the evening of 18 November 1896; at ten he was stricken with apoplexy which caused his death.

Book Illustration

Of the Decorative Illustration of Books, Old and New. By Walter Crane. (Ex Libris Series.) The Macmillan Co.

MR. WALTER CRANE is not only a capable designer, but is learned in the history of design, so that a better choice could hardly have been made for the writing of this volume for the series of books about books edited by Mr. Gleeson White. Three of the five long chapters into which the volume is divided have been amplified from lectures given by the author before the Society of Arts, in 1889; they are mainly historical. The other two bring the subject down to date, and give a summary of the author's ideas as to the rules which should govern the decorative illustration of books. These last two chapters will be found the most interesting, for the history of book-illustration has been treated of many times in recent years; and, with the exception of a few examples of old designs not previously—to our knowledge—reproduced, there is little that is novel in the earlier part of the volume. Among these new illustrations we must mention in particular a very good photographic reduction of an illuminated page from the Book of Kells, an Irish sixteenth-century manuscript, full of curious and effective interlaced ornament. Only two examples are given of William Blake, the greatest of modern book-illustrators. But there are two pages filled with the charming little woodcuts of Edward Calvert; and, coming down to modern times, we have good examples culled from the work of Rossetti, Keene and other famous illustrators. We should have liked to see more than one example of Mr. Selwyn Image, whose title-page for *The Scottish Art Review* is the most masterly piece of work in black-and-white in this part of the volume. Three examples are given of the excellent decorative work of the late William Morris. American designers cannot complain of any lack of attention. Mr. Bradley's rich ornamental designs, in particular, get their full meed of praise. Several examples of Mr. Crane's own work are included in the list of illustrations.

Mr. Crane claims, not without reason, a foremost place for English work of the present day in this department. Most Continental illustrators take very little account of the printed page, and the excessive lightness of French type would make it difficult for them to produce a really decorative effect in any case. But, in reality, however many of the English try to produce such an effect, only a few succeed. Mr. Morris's work at the Kelmscott Press has no equal in harmony of type and ornamentation. Next to him must be ranked Mr. Image and Mr. Horne. Of the latter Mr. Crane gives no example. Blake did not use type, but etched or engraved text and ornament together. The harmony of the handsome type of his day with woodcuts in white line, such as Calvert's, was accidental, and was not due to design on the part of artist or engraver. In most of the modern

possibly the origin of the heraldic devices by which warriors were distinguished; and, what is still more interesting, that the cylindrical seals of ancient Babylon and Peru were originally the pictured or marked shaft of the arrow—the owner's private signature.

Mr. Culin goes on to show how in the games of China, Korea and Africa the original purpose was one and the same—*i. e.*, divination. He traces the development of the arrow into the sticks and splints first used for divining. In many parts of the world the marks that characterize these splints are identical. The fan was first a handful of fortune-tellers' sticks. Hence the fan is for luck, and the Chinese gambling game, *Fàn T'an*, shows the origin of its name in the process employed, that is, of "successively spreading out." The Chinese and Korean fortune-tellers, and the fortune-tellers in our own cities, all pursue the same methods. It is shown, also, by Mr. Culin that dice, dominoes, checkers and playing-cards are derived from the arrow. The first object of all games is divinatory: they are cosmical in their origin. The writer of this notice conjectures that the reason why the arrow, and consequently the divining-rod and the fortune-tellers' splints, can tell fortunes, the reason why they are wiser than the man who uses them, is originally because they are filled with the spirit, or genius, or *djin*, or *mana*, that comes up in their sap, or life-blood. This life-blood comes from the streams of water into which the roots of the plant—palm, grape, reed, or corn—dip, and this water comes up from Hades, where is the fountain of life—the waters of wisdom welling up at the roots of Yggdrasil, the cosmic tree. This water was generally held in primitive thought to be the blood of the God, the inner life of the Soul of the World. Therefore the arrows, the fortune-tellers' sticks, the dice (first of wood) and the cards, knew just in what direction to fall, since the divine intelligence was in them.

In the Chinese language the name for a fortune-teller's stick and for playing cards is *tsin*-arrow. The first games were religious functions, then they became magic, lastly they became methods of chance or of luck. In reality the distance from the beginning to the end is not far. Mr. Culin thinks also that the cosmical nature of the games comes out when one examines again and closely the methods of divination. The sticks or dice are thrown into a bowl. This bowl represents the world. Chinese and North American Indians alike, decorate the divining-bowl with a symbol which signifies that it represents the world, with its four quarters or six points (nadir and zenith being added), or seven (the middle point being included). Still further was the number of these points of direction increased. But whether it be the Korean *nyout-hpan*, or the Buddhist sixty-four hexagrams, the Polynesian game of parchesi, or the games of Dignitaries and of the Way of Life, or chess or checkers or backgammon, the underlying principle, the starting-point, is in the arrows and the cosmic bowl. *Mancala*, which reminds the reader of a game of marbles familiar to all boys, is only another form of divination with the cosmic bowl. One striking feature of this matter is that primitive peoples as far apart in time and space as the Koreans, Zuni, old Greeks, Chinese, ancient Egyptians, Peruvians, Basques, Scandinavians, Mayas, Lapps, Maldives, Kelts—but why prolong the list?—had the same ideas with regard to the arrow; and the development of the idea through the several stages till it evolved into conventionally shaped implements for games of chance was similar, if not identical, in these diverse times and places.

About races we are at the present forbidden to speak. Just now language takes the place of race. What explanation can be given for this curious identity in the world-wide customs of divining? Contact and communication may be supposed, but the hypothesis is extreme. Did ancient Assyria borrow from the Moki Indians of what is now the southwestern United States? Did the Koreans have communication with the extinct Etruscans? When we come to know

the dates of the history of the evolution of certain ideas, we find that the hypothesis of intercommunication must be modified. There are, undoubtedly, large areas in the region of custom and myth where the sensible conclusion is that similarity, even identity, has arisen, not by migration and intercommunication, but from the psychic unity of mankind.

Mr. Culin's collections of the games of the world deposited in the Museum of Archaeology of the University of Pennsylvania and the National Museum at Washington, D. C., deserve the careful examination of all students of anthropology. His method in his books is strictly scientific and extremely cautious. It is distinctly original; he never threshes out the old straw. His data are drawn, not from books, but from objects, the results that he announces are new and fresh. After careful deliberation, Mr. Culin's "Korean Games" (5) must be pronounced a unique book, and therefore great in its own field. Even though the reader may dissent from some of the author's hypotheses, yet the latter's powers of coördination will be recognized as unusual. Also, these books will in their method serve as patterns for original archaeological research. In typographical excellence and accuracy and artistic value of illustration, they leave nothing to be desired.

Now that the laws against gambling are enforced in our large cities, opportunities for the study of *Fàn T'an* and *Pák Kóp Piu* (White Pigeon Tickets) cannot be so easily obtained as formerly. But fortune-telling can be examined in the Chinese quarters, and in any Chinese laundry. The student, with the aid of Mr. Culin's works, will be able to discern the significance of much that may have seemed only fantastical. The field is important: it is open to all. In it may be found the root of many a popular superstition. For instance, when the unsuccessful card-player rises and walks around the table or his chair, he is practising a survival of the old ceremonial circuit, which was the origin of the sacred dance and of religious processions. This circuit was, and is, made to propitiate the gods of the world quarters, still represented, in primitive custom, by four or more arrows appropriately ornamented with paint or other significant symbol marks, and set up toward the points of the compass. When he that shuffles the cards blows into the pack for luck, we are reminded of the hierophants of the Zuni and Moki Indians, so carefully studied by Messrs. Frank H. Cushing and J. Walter Fewkes. Dr. Washington Mathews has shown a similar custom of blowing with the breath in Navajo sacred rites. The prayer-feather, also, is an adjunct of the arrow, in universal primitive culture. Other objects not strictly belonging to games of chance are treated of in these volumes, such as the kite, the buzz or bull-roarer, the top, certain puzzles and others. These have a somewhat sacred significance, and in some instances are apparently cosmical in their origin. There will always remain ample room for entertaining speculations when all these ingenious conjectures have been made, with reason, by Mr. Culin. Thus, if the four world-quarters account for the four suits in a pack of cards, do the six spots on the die come from the six chief points of space? To these six points the Zuni casts his offering of sacred meal. Has six anything to do with the duodecimal method of numeration adopted by some prehistoric races? Confessedly the decimal system is natural. Or do the six marks on the die arise from the exigency of the six sides of the cube? Probably the cube was an effect, not a cause. When we come to collect and study tally sticks and calendar sticks, we shall probably get near to the beginning of the alphabets. Dr. Brinton, in his studies of Mayan writing, has shown the chronological origin of some of the Mayan characters. The origin of runes and oghamic marks may have been on notched sticks. Thus, out of the primitive man's outreaching in time and space, we have inherited literature and religion, history, geography and chronology—and the great American game of Draw Poker.

A Famous Physician

Vita Medica. Chapters of Medical Life and Work. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS is not only a detailed account of the medical life and professional labor of its distinguished author, but to some extent an epitome of the history of the progress of medicine during the past fifty years. It is full of instructive reading, not only for members of the medical profession, but for all who are interested in sanitary science and preventive medicine. From the time the author began his professional career, till the day of his death, his life, to make use of his own expression, was one of "constant endeavor." We cannot recall an instance of another physician who possessed such versatility of talent, and who labored to develop his original ideas with such unflagging, tireless energy. Besides being a successful practising physician, well informed as to the treatment of disease, Sir Benjamin was a scientific chemist, both in analysis and synthesis. In experimental physiology he made many important discoveries, and in sanitary science, no one man has accomplished more. In all new discoveries pertaining to medical science he took the liveliest interest. For instance, he experimented with various agents, hoping to find an anæsthetic that would destroy sensibility without taking away the consciousness of the patient, thus rendering it perfectly safe and harmless to life, and, although he did not succeed, he was firmly convinced that such an agent would yet be found. He was the first to make use of local anæsthesia in surgery, and Richardson's hand-ball spray apparatus for throwing ether upon the part to be operated on, which by its rapid evaporation destroys local sensibility, has been for many years, and is still, largely used by surgeons. The "lethal chamber," for putting domestic animals painlessly to death, was devised by him and is now in use on a large scale at the Dogs' Home at Battersea. Numerous other scientific discoveries were made by Sir Benjamin, among which was that of transmitting sunlight rays by means of a tube through the solid structures of the body—being, in fact, Röntgen's method, anticipated by nearly thirty years, but making use of sunlight instead of electricity. He succeeded in making bones visible, and some so transparent that large words could be read through them. This discovery he utilized for diagnosing and destroying tumors in soft transparent parts.

If Sir Benjamin had accomplished no other beneficent work during his busy life, his labors in the cause of temperance alone should entitle him to the gratitude of mankind. In Chapter XIX, "The Battle with Alcohol" is vividly described. He declares that he was not influenced by the moral denunciations of others against alcohol, but by the firm conviction, resulting from careful observation and experiment, that it was "not only unnecessary for life, but an enemy to life." For many years he waged war against its use, not only as a beverage, but as a medicine in the treatment of disease, and he at least had the satisfaction of knowing before his death that, mainly through his individual efforts, much had been accomplished in influencing physicians against its reckless and indiscriminate medical administration. In reply to the charge that abstainers are not progressing in the way they ought to do he says:—

"I think we have progressed rapidly. We were the citizens a generation or two since of an alcoholic world. Alcohol literally, as well as nominally, ruled the roost. A man or woman who would not offer a glass of wine was branded as mean, ignorant or vulgar. Not a medical consultation could be held but that in the consulting-room were found the wine-bottles and wine-glasses. They are rarely, if ever, there now. Every solemn act, down to the preparatory gathering at a funeral, was solemnized by wine. The solemnization has disappeared. Feats of speed, of courage, of hard work, were encouraged by wine. The encouragement has lost its bearing. People who were about to insure their lives were rejected if they were abstainers. They are certainly now daily rejected because they are imbibers of the very substance that once

secured them. All great responsibilities are accepted and welcomed if they are undertaken by abstainers, and they are considered vulgar who press the wine-cup. At one time ministers in the pulpit were in fear whenever they raised their voices against the use of strong drink as a beverage or sustainer. Now they compete in speaking against drink wisely and well.

"A most important change has also taken place in the treatment of the sick. * * * Wine, wine, wine, was the cry of a quarter of a century ago. Brandy was the so-called sheet-anchor."

Alcohol having ceased to retain its sway as a food or medicament, as a logical consequence "I have witnessed two events: a hospital erected from which alcohol is practically excluded, and a society formed consisting of medical men who treat the diseases under their care without alcohol." Upon the completion of this most interesting volume the life of the gifted author came suddenly to an end. The last line was written just before eight o'clock in the evening of 18 November 1896; at ten he was stricken with apoplexy which caused his death.

Book Illustration

Of the Decorative Illustration of Books, Old and New. By Walter Crane. (Ex Libris Series.) The Macmillan Co.

MR. WALTER CRANE is not only a capable designer, but is learned in the history of design, so that a better choice could hardly have been made for the writing of this volume for the series of books about books edited by Mr. Gleeson White. Three of the five long chapters into which the volume is divided have been amplified from lectures given by the author before the Society of Arts, in 1889; they are mainly historical. The other two bring the subject down to date, and give a summary of the author's ideas as to the rules which should govern the decorative illustration of books. These last two chapters will be found the most interesting, for the history of book-illustration has been treated of many times in recent years; and, with the exception of a few examples of old designs not previously—to our knowledge—reproduced, there is little that is novel in the earlier part of the volume. Among these new illustrations we must mention in particular a very good photographic reduction of an illuminated page from the Book of Kells, an Irish sixteenth-century manuscript, full of curious and effective interlaced ornament. Only two examples are given of William Blake, the greatest of modern book-illustrators. But there are two pages filled with the charming little woodcuts of Edward Calvert; and, coming down to modern times, we have good examples culled from the work of Rossetti, Keene and other famous illustrators. We should have liked to see more than one example of Mr. Selwyn Image, whose title-page for *The Scottish Art Review* is the most masterly piece of work in black-and-white in this part of the volume. Three examples are given of the excellent decorative work of the late William Morris. American designers cannot complain of any lack of attention. Mr. Bradley's rich ornamental designs, in particular, get their full meed of praise. Several examples of Mr. Crane's own work are included in the list of illustrations.

Mr. Crane claims, not without reason, a foremost place for English work of the present day in this department. Most Continental illustrators take very little account of the printed page, and the excessive lightness of French type would make it difficult for them to produce a really decorative effect in any case. But, in reality, however many of the English try to produce such an effect, only a few succeed. Mr. Morris's work at the Kelmscott Press has no equal in harmony of type and ornamentation. Next to him must be ranked Mr. Image and Mr. Horne. Of the latter Mr. Crane gives no example. Blake did not use type, but etched or engraved text and ornament together. The harmony of the handsome type of his day with woodcuts in white line, such as Calvert's, was accidental, and was not due to design on the part of artist or engraver. In most of the modern

photographic work in which lettering and design are drawn by the artist, the lettering is execrable; but this applies to America quite as much as to England. As to the future, Mr. Crane is properly hopeful. We have come back to the general use of a handsome, readable type. The days of the cheap "process" block are numbered; and with it will go the hard-surfaced paper, which every lover of books, illustrated or not, abominates. The illustrations to this book make it evident that there is no lack of capable designers.

"Pioneers of Evolution"

From Thales to Huxley, with an Intermediate Chapter on the Causes of Arrest of the Movement. By Edward Clodd. D. Appleton & Co.

THE AIM of the author of this book has been to present in a semi-biographic form an account of the work done by those who have sought to interpret nature by the hypothesis of natural law. The story of the enquiries made before the Christian era is fairly well told, though it is but a restatement of what may be gathered from the text-books of philosophy. It is, indeed, open to the objection that the guesses of the Greek speculators are put upon the same plane with the systematic enquiries of the modern naturalists: the author fails to see the full effect of the lack of all effort of verification which distinguishes the ancient from the modern endeavors.

The true motive of the book is found in its second part, where Mr. Clodd takes up the arrest of enquiry which came with the advent of Christianity. In this section we find once again an attack on the Church for the destruction which it wrought upon the ancient opinions as to the order of the universe. The assault is effective—it is easy to make it so,—but in his treatment of the subject Mr. Clodd fails to see that the reaccenting of the supernatural interpretation which came with Christianity is in itself a part of the natural order which has controlled the development of the human mind and quite as well, as it has, the processes of the lower realm. He also appears to overestimate the value of what the Church overthrew. If the suppression had put down a true experimental science, the loss would indeed have been great, but the six centuries of Greek philosophy had not founded the method of experiment—had not in an effective way brought men beyond the stage of conjecture and of slight uncritical observation. It is an open question whether in the interests of science it was not well that this playing with the natural realm should be arrested, to give place, in time, to the new development of enquiry. Mr. Clodd also fails to note the fact that the persecutions of the Church served in a way to hold naturalists close to their observation. It went far to arrest the purely speculative motives, and to prove to various men their interpretations in an effective way. Thus, without condoning the persecutions of the Church—Catholic or Protestant,—the critic who approaches the history of the matter with the critical spirit is inclined to ask whether the logical and experimental quality of modern science may not in a measure be due to the drastic criticism to which it was subjected by the clericals of earlier days.

The latter parts of the book, those which treat of the renaissance of science, will give the general reader a tolerably clear idea as to the course of the development of the subject: for him it is intended; for the professional naturalist it has no value. It is characteristic of the work, it shows, indeed, the plane of the whole consideration, that about as much space is given to the work of Mr. Spencer as to that of Darwin or Wallace. We see here again that the author does not perceive the difference between the Greek speculators and their modern followers, the true enquirers. No one who does not discern these differences is competent to give a really valuable account of modern enquiry into the development of the inorganic or organic realms. Although the book as a whole is written in a manner easy to be read, there are, now and then, sentences which require close

reading to determine their meaning. Apart from the rather brutal and unscientific assault the author makes on Christianity, the book as a whole is likely to prove helpful to those who desire to obtain some idea as to the history of the interpretation of nature. The work is not done after the manner of a naturalist, but on that account it is the more likely to fit the needs of the general public. There are some errors in proof-reading which deserve attention in a later edition, among them *os sacru* for *os sacrum*.

Three Phases of Christianity

1. *A History of Anti-Pedobaptism: From the Rise of Pedobaptism to A.D. 1609. By Albert Henry Newman, D.D., LL.D. American Baptist Publication Soc.*
2. *Congregationalists in America. By the Rev. Albert E. Dunning, D.D. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.*
3. *A History of Methodism in the United States. By James M. Buckley. 2 vols. The Christian Literature Co.*

THESE THREE WORKS are a credit to American scholarship. The spirit of their authors is in striking contrast to that of the usual denominational history, intended to assert and maintain, as well as to tell the story of the past. As a matter of course and of human nature, all Christian churches and sects believe that their special form of life had its beginning with Jesus Christ and the Apostles; only slight emphasis, however, is laid upon this point in the volumes before us.

Dr. Newman (1) tells very clearly the story of the persistent and permanent opposition to what he believes to be the perversion of Christian baptism—its administration to infants,—and of the 1800 years of protest against the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. He seems to have no desire to make any attack upon other branches of the Christian Church, or to say anything intentionally offensive to those who have grown up in, or inherited their creeds from, the great ecclesiastical corporations of Europe, which base their decrees on military force or ally themselves with political establishments. In short chapters he treats of the ancient and mediæval sects in their relation to anti-pedobaptism, and his text is especially full and satisfactory, both upon the period leading to the Reformation and upon the early development of that great movement of the human mind upon which modern social and religious progress is founded. At the end of each chapter, he gives a summary of the literature which he has digested, and many of his titles and digests in the text show that he is abreast of the latest research. The Anabaptists, so-called, and the Mennonites through him receive ample and judicial treatment, and the history closes at that period when, in Holland, the refugee Englishmen formed what would now be called Baptist churches. With its bibliography and index this book may safely be called the standard work on the subject of which it treats, superseding all its predecessors.

All good Congregationalists consider the New Testament their sole and authoritative book of doctrines and principles. They care no more for the "fathers" of the second than of the nineteenth century, except for historical purposes. After a brief sketch of Apostolic Congregationalism, Dr. Dunning, the editor of *The Congregationalist* of Boston, and one of the best-known bishops of the Congregational flock, proceeds to tell the story of the revival of Apostolic Congregationalism in later times (2). He shows pretty clearly that, as soon as the Bible got into the hands and on the tongue of the people, Congregationalism revived as naturally and as surely as a seed sprouts when planted under proper conditions. With abundance of illustrations, and after a life-long familiarity with the movements of the independent but associated churches in New England, the Middle States, the near and the far west, Dr. Dunning has written a capital popular manual, useful not only to those who believe in the self-governing Christian churches, but to all who like to know how some Christians can get along without external authority of any kind. Congregational Christianity acknowledges no lord or master but Christ, and sees in the local

church the sole unit of corporate spiritual life. Nevertheless, paradoxical as it may seem, the present trend of this church is decidedly toward the Episcopal spirit and polity, and it belongs to Dr. Dunning to tell us how and why this is.

Dr. James M. Buckley (3) tells the story, first of English, and then of American Methodism. His is a genuine "book of the wars of the Lord." It is curious to see how in modern times, the little Dutch republic, which tolerated all sects, was the real cradle-land of dominant American Christianity. Pretty much everything that one could desire in a work that combines scholarship and a popular style is to be found in these two volumes devoted to the wonderful story of the spread of Methodism on both sides of the Atlantic, but especially in the American republic. Paradoxical as it may seem, a book like this actually tends to make miracles of very little account. In surveying the triumph of a century and a half of Methodism, one thinks of the Japanese proverb, "Good doctrine needs no miracles"; for here is one of the most wonderful triumphs of religious propagation wrought, and a world-wide victory won, without the use of the sword, without miracles, without even great learning or superiority of intellect—without, indeed, most of those features and methods of propagation which reformers in the past thought indispensable, and which certain people think necessary to-day. Dr. Buckley's work is well equipped with portraits, facsimiles and a bibliography.

"Soldiers of Fortune"

By Richard Harding Davis. With Illustrations by C. D. Gibson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

SO MUCH extravagant praise has been lavished upon Mr. Davis's first novel; so much has been said about its place in contemporary literature, and all the rest of it, by amiable but not too critical reviewers, that it is a pleasant duty to state the plain facts in the case. Mr. Davis has not written a "great" novel, nor a book that will live for generations; nor has he created characters that will be all but immortal. He has simply produced a rousing tale of adventure, with several fine fellows in it, and one woman whom we are glad to know, and who has gone straight to our hearts and made there for herself a corner that we will keep warm and to which we will turn with pleasure time and again to love her for all her fine traits—most of all, perhaps, for her genius for *camaraderie*, which found so graceful a climax in the kiss she imprinted on the forehead of the young Englishman who had been murdered by his own treacherous troopers.

The hero is almost worthy of her—not quite. But then, it would be hard to match such a girl even at the Table Round. It is only her propinquity that makes him seem less heroic than he really is. He is American to the backbone, this young man who started the struggle for life at fourteen, and drifted from Kimberley to the Sudan, and all over the world until he became the manager of her father's iron mines in Central America. A born leader he was, and a leader he became, in the troublous days of revolution that led to happiness at last. The men that are grouped with him in the foreground are all endowed with life and individuality—Mr. Langham, the mine-owner, and his son; Reggie King, the millionaire; MacWilliams, the engineer; the young English commander of the President's bodyguard, the President himself, all stand before us not merely as foils for the hero, but as people who have their own lives to live, their own ambitions, cares and joys.

It is not necessary to commend this story. It has won its way already. But to those who have not yet read it, we can say, "Do so at once." Its interest is unflagging, and its prevalent tone is one of healthful manliness—of strong muscles and clean minds. Of Mr. Davis's workmanship nothing can be said but words of praise. Those who have visited the regions where the plot is laid, will recognize the marvellous fidelity of his crisp, short descriptions; and his whole story is constructed with a firm purpose from first to

last. We cannot refrain, in closing, from quoting the following graphic description of the way in which an expert shot handles his weapon:—"Then he raised his revolver. He did not apparently hold it away from him by the butt, as other men do, but let it lie in the palm of his hand, into which it seemed to fit like the hand of a friend."

"Grip"

By John Strange Winter. Stone & Kimball.

MRS. STANNARD should be "most popular of men," for never, certainly, was the admonition of Goethe's manager to "let enough happen" more docilely heeded. Love, hate, galley-slavery, orange-blossoms, are not diverse themes when the burden of them is supported by an impetuous Yorkshire youth, whose family motto is "Grip," and who goes by the name of "Bulldog" in his regiment. It was, of course, a severe shock, while he was industriously soldiering in Ireland, to be cautioned by his sweetheart against extravagance in the use of postage-stamps, and soon thereafter to be informed of her engagement to a French count. Is it surprising that he swore implacable hatred and, enabled by a wealthy maiden aunt, who also had hated, to resign his commission, went bloodthirstily to Paris? How he was there arrested for another man and sentenced to the life of a *forçat* for cracking the skull of the *gendarme* who arrested him; how his enemy the count came to be his companion in chains and obtained pardon for them both; how his hatred, despite all nursing, dwindled, and he finally, in staid English fashion, married a younger sister of his old flame—it would be a breach of etiquette to explain.

Of course, there is little space for description in such a story. Margaret—"she was perfection." Constance had only "lovely, limpid eyes." The elderly father thumped his son on the back and gave sage, blustering advice. He also "hated to have his hair touched." Perhaps further elaboration would be superfluous. Yet one feels that in the matter of characterization the author has taken care not to overreach herself. The whole is managed with a delicate feminine tact. There are many convincing phrases, and simplicity and refinement of diction measurably atone for the lack of epigrammatic brilliancy. While Mrs. Stannard's inventiveness often trenches upon improbability, it is possible to appreciate her knack of broaching an unexpected situation, the enjoyment of which hinges on our previous acquaintance with the person implicated. A more obvious device is the frequent use of questions at the end of chapters.

Spenser's "Faerie Queene"

Edited by Thomas J. Wise. With Illustrations by Walter Crane. Macmillan Co.

THE GRACEFUL head-piece by Walter Crane to the Legend of Britomartis in this new edition of the *Faerie Queene*, shows Queen Dian surrounded by stars, gazing at herself in a mirror. Others show the mail-clad maiden, with her Briton prince and Faerie Knight riding, lance on shoulder, through a wood; Old Glance with the thorns crackling under her pot, Apollo with his lyre, Britomartis musing over the famous women of old; and the prince and the "bescratcht" dwarf. In his designs of the gardens of Adonis, in Canto VI, Mr. Crane is at his best. He is plainly more at home with Venus and the graces than with Britomartis and her knights, or the demons and water-sprites that frighten Florimel in Canto VIII. Parodel carries off fair Hellenore; the jolly satyrs take her for their queen; and Cupid crowns a heart in some of the prettiest of the illustrations.

Priamond and Diamond and Triamond march together gallantly at the beginning, and the three heralds blow their trumpets at the end, of Canto II of the Fourth Book. The tale of Florimel's girdle, in Canto V, furnishes some graceful motives; and the temple of Venus, with its stately pillars "after the Doric guise" and its priests, "damsels in soft linnen dight," and the water-nymphs at the wedding of Thames and Medway, are creations worthy of the artist's reputation.

Poetry

THE LOVE I bore all these to thee I bring,
And with Love's harvest in my hand I wait
Content to kneel beside the outer gate
Of thy dear shrine. And if thou, opening
The door, should bid me follow thee and fling
My little handful in the gulf of fate,
Lo! it is thine. To thee is consecrate
The last grain gleaned of Fortune's garnering.

Oh! take the gift, and open wide the door;
Pierce me with all the magic of thine eyes,
And in mine ears thy deathless music pour!
When this my heart within thy bosom lies,
But one small seed is added to thy store;—
And thy rose-garden fills the farthest skies!

MONTECITO, CAL.

ALEXANDER BLAIR THAW.

Keats Improved

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Taking up the current number of *The Bookman*, last evening, my attention fell upon an article entitled "Two Odes of Keats," by William C. Wilkinson. As one or two of Prof. Wilkinson's previous literary reviews have afforded me entertainment, if not profit, I read the one in question. I was not disappointed; as had been the case before, I read with mingled emotions of astonishment, sadness, pity and amusement, over which that of amusement finally predominated. The title of the article refers to the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and the "Ode to a Nightingale"; the article itself deals with the former only, which, on the whole, the Professor "delights to praise" in spite of its many "faults." The latter, he tells us, is bad, in spite of "some few felicities * * * of fancy and of phrase." With the "faults" of the former, the article deals in detail, though not exhaustively, as the reviewer admits; the latter he promises to review in a subsequent article, thus giving the hungry reader two bites of the delicious cherry. I am not one of those worshippers of Keats who "admire passionately," as the reviewer says, everything that the poet has written, and anticipating whose onslaught Prof. Wilkinson stands *en garde*. Looking, therefore, at this review from what I believe to be a wholly unprejudiced point of view, I find in it much food for amusement, if not for serious contemplation.

I have not time to consider in detail the reviewer's remarks upon those portions of the poem which jar upon his æsthetic sensibilities, and which seem to demonstrate to him that Keats was not moved at all by the emotions which a perfect æsthetic "harmony" demands. He "clears his mind of cant," so he says, and finds these portions bad. They are either "ungenuine," cause "a jar in the tone," are out of "harmony," are a "discordant over-emphasis of unhappy suggestion," or "enforce on the suggested opposite to what the poet reads * * * an emphasis," etc. It is for Prof. Wilkinson to say what he means by the last expression—I shall not hazard a guess. These criticisms, I say, must be passed by. Summed up, they seem to me to amount to this—that if Prof. Wilkinson were to gaze upon the Grecian Urn which inspired Keats's immortal Ode, he would be moved by emotions different from, and therefore more harmonious than, those which moved Keats; the latter, therefore, at times fell sadly below a high æsthetic level of harmony—*quod erat demonstrandum*.

Again, the reviewer falls a-foul of the last verses of the last stanza, and says that "the chief fault lies exactly at the point at which its chief excellence should be found, and that is the conclusion." Alas for our taste, that some of us have heretofore believed that the chief excellence of the poem did lie exactly at this point! Prof. Wilkinson says that the expression "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," is a "paradox and a falsity," and that Keats should have said, "Beauty is joy." Well, it may be so! I shall not here question the Professor's conclusions. It may be that he is not wholly to blame. It is possible, perhaps probable, that the doctrine that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" is officially regarded as dangerous and "a corrupter of youth" in the University of Chicago, in which I am told Prof. Wilkinson holds the chair—or a chair—of English literature.

Be all this as it may—and I shall not now quarrel with the Professor upon any of these points,—the really funny part of the article lies in the fact that Prof. Wilkinson has composed, with his own

hand, verses to take the place of those he objects to, and suggests that it is thus, or after this manner, that Keats should have written—that this is "what the poet might have done and should have done"! This is really taking the proverbial step from the sublime. Prof. Wilkinson, to be sure, modestly disclaims the idea that his suggested substitutions will be at once universally adopted, and admits that "any disturbance * * * will at first be unwelcome" (The italics are mine). The reviewer's verses are "presented to the critical and not to the simply [sic] admiring mind." Somehow one suspects the sincerity of all this show of modesty, and feels that the Professor is confident that, could he but call Keats from the dead, the new readings would be at once, and thankfully, adopted by the poet, as what he would have written if he had only had his æsthetic wits about him—or had taken Prof. Wilkinson's "course" in English literature before he wrote.

Here are the Professor's verses which are to become the final readings. For the verses beginning, "All breathing human passion far above" (there is no use further to quote the original), he "suggests"

"All chance of change from perfect far above,
Never with sweet fruition to be cloyed
Never with bitter disappointment stung."

Thus, he says, Keats "would have avoided the jar in the tone." Indeed!

Rising to his theme, for the verses beginning, "And little town," etc., he has two suggestions; you may pay your money and take your choice:—

"Thrice happy little town, forevermore
It shall with all thy pleasant streets be well,
Nor war nor waste can leave thy homes forlorn."

This would enable Keats to "have left the harmony undisturbed." If Keats prefers it, however, he may take the following:—

"Brave little town thou shalt forevermore
For these keep open welcome guarded well,
Expecting still the happy home-return."

For the concluding verses of the poem, Prof. Wilkinson, becoming more pro'fic as he goes on, has three different "suggestions." We may have:—

"'Beauty is joy'—as were that wisdom all
We needed in so sad a world to know."

(Note how carefully guarded the teaching of the Grecian Urn here becomes under the Professor's treatment!) "Still better," he says, is this:—

"Possessing beauty, thou possessest all;
Rest at this goal, nor further seek to go."

Is not this "dangerous" moral teaching, from the reviewer's standpoint? Again, leaving out the idea of "woe," which is too strong an expression for the Professor's æsthetic taste, we may have—if we like:—

"Age after age, unchangeably serene,
Thou smilest sweet rebuke to our unrest,
Preaching this wisdom with thy cheerful mien;
Possessing beauty, thou possessest all;
Pause at this goal, nor further push thy quest."

The Professor does not point out what a "goal" has to do with a "quest," but no matter. Considering his objections to "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," I fear that he lost in the second and third "suggestions" the firm moral grip displayed in the first.

I make no comment upon the literary value of the verses Prof. Wilkinson has composed to replace ultimately the faulty original; they speak for themselves with no uncertain voice. *Poeta nascitur*. Perhaps we may hope that when he has a little leisure—say an hour or so,—Prof. Wilkinson may compose a new and faultless version of Gray's "Elegy," or of the Twenty-third Psalm, just to show us what it ought to be. Perhaps I have failed to comprehend the real purport of the article; it may have been intended to be humorous. If this is so, I beg the reviewer's pardon, and, though I mistook the motive, congratulate him upon his actual success. At any rate, I shall await the promised review of the "Ode to a Nightingale" with some impatience. It may be that we are to behold the birth-throes of a new and *fin-de-siècle* school of criticism, which will not content itself with pointing out the excellencies and defects of an author's work, but will rewrite for him the "faulty" portions as they should have been written.

NEW YORK, 21 May 1897.

C. E. PICKARD.

A Book and its Story

HAWTHORNE THE MAN

ANYTHING that throws new light upon the character of Nathaniel Hawthorne is interesting and important. Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's *Memoirs of her father* ("Memoirs of Hawthorne": Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) certainly do throw new light upon one of the most interesting personalities in American literature. As she says in her preface, however, the volume was really written by Sophia Hawthorne, her mother. She herself was not more than thirteen years old when her father died, and, though she has a very vivid recollection of him, her mother's letters really form the most important part of the book.

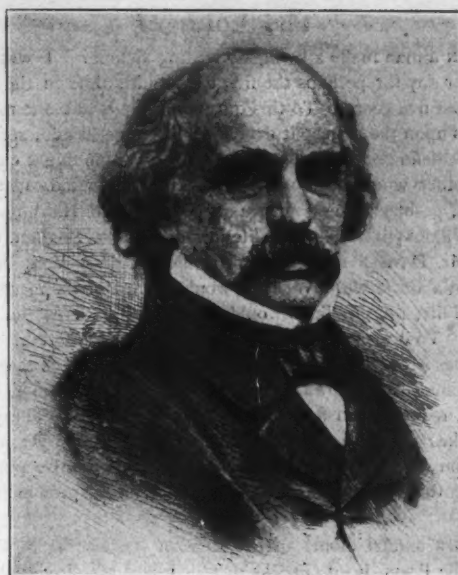
It is not a little curious that Hawthorne, who was the most reticent and shy of men, and for this reason less approachable than any of the gifted Concord *coterie*, should be known so intimately to us after his death. There is very little that he has written, or that has been written to him, that has not seen the light of print. Some of the letters in this volume seem almost too private for publication; but they are none the less interesting for that reason. In her letters to her friends about her husband, Mrs. Hawthorne laid bare her soul. Never was a man more beloved—we might say worshipped—by his wife, than was Nathaniel Hawthorne. She seemed to regard him as something more than human, a god who condescended to walk for a while upon earth. Indeed, in many instances she refers to him as Apollo. He certainly was an unusually handsome man and carried himself, even in the bosom of his own family, with a dignity and grace that were recognized even by his youngest children.

In the early weeks of her married life, Mrs. Hawthorne wrote of her husband to a friend in Salem:—"His magnificence, strength and sweetness alternately and together charm me. He fascinates, wins and commands." Again, in describing the home life at the old Manse, she writes:—

"Whatever my husband touches turns to gold in the intellectual and spiritual world. I sewed on a purple blouse for him till dusk. We have the luxury of our maid's absence, and Apollo helped me by making the fires. I warmed rice for myself, and had the happiness of toasting his bread. He read aloud 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and said that play had no foundation in nature. To day there have been bright gleams, but no steady sunshine. Apollo boiled some potatoes for breakfast. Imagine him with that magnificent head bent over a cooking-stove, and those star-eyes watching the pot boil! In consequence there never were such good potatoes before."

Naturally there is more or less about other famous people in this book, for the Concord of those days was a Mecca for all literary pilgrims. One of the most amusing descriptions it contains is that of Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau as skaters:—

"Often other skaters appear—young men and boys—who principally interest me as foils to my husband, who, in the presence of nature, loses all shyness, and moves regally like a king. One afternoon, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater, and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice—very remarkable, but very ugly, methought. Next him followed Mr. Hawthorne, who, wrapped in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave. Mr. Emerson closed the line, evidently too weary to hold himself erect, pitching headforemost, half lying on the air. He came in to rest himself, and said to me that Hawthorne was a tiger, a bear, a lion—in short, a satyr, and there was no tiring him out; and he might be the death of a man like himself. And then, turning upon me that kindling smile for which he is so memorable, he added, 'Mr. Hawthorne is such an Ajax, who can cope with him?'"



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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Part of the book is devoted to Hawthorne's life in England and Italy. In writing from England, Mrs. Hawthorne says:—"Mr. Hawthorne looks supremely handsome here, handsomer than anybody I see. Every other face looks coarse compared with his, and his air and bearing are far superior to any Englishman that I have seen. The English say that they would suppose he were an Englishman—until he speaks. This is a high compliment from the English. They look at him as much as they can covertly, as much as they can without being uncivil and staring, as if they wanted to assure themselves that he really was so handsome. He does not observe this, but it is nuts to me and I observe it. The lofty, sumptuous apartments become him very much. I always thought that he was born for a palace, and he shows that he was."

In Italy the Hawthornes saw a great deal of the Brownings, of whom Mrs. Hawthorne writes:—

"Mrs. Browning is a spiritualist. Mr. Browning opposes and protests with all his might, but he says he is ready to be convinced. Mrs. Browning is wonderfully interesting. She is the most delicate sheath for a soul I ever saw. One evening at Casa Guidi there was a conversation about spirits, and a marvellous story was told of two hands that crowned Mrs. Browning with a wreath through the mediumship of Mr. Hume. Mr. Browning declared that he believed the two hands were made by Mr. Hume and fastened to Mr. Hume's toes, and that he made them move by moving his feet. Mrs. Browning kept trying to stem his flow of eager, funny talk with her slender voice, but, like an arrowy river, he rushed and foamed and leaped over her slight tones and she could not succeed in explaining how she knew they were spirit hands."

One would like to devote several pages to quotations from this most quotable book; but, not being able to do so, refers the reader to the volume itself, which every lover of Hawthorne will want to place on his library-shelves, side by side with the novelist's own works.

J. L. G.

MRS. STEVENSON, mother of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, who died at her residence in Edinburgh on May 14, of pneumonia, was about seventy years of age. She was the first to encourage her son to adopt a literary career. She was in this country with him and afterwards lived in Samoa.

The Lounger

"CAN a man make a living by writing fiction?" I was asked the other day for perhaps the five thousandth time in the course of the last five years. To this question there is but one reply: It depends upon the man. It depends also, I might add, somewhat upon the definition of "a living." What one man might call a living, another would call absolute want. What would satisfy Miss Wilkins, perhaps, would not satisfy Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Miss Wilkins lives a simple life in a quiet New England village, while Mr. Davis lives the luxurious life of a New York bache or man-about-town. What he would regard as the mere necessities of life, Miss Wilkins would probably regard as the superfluities. To one person \$3000 a year means a comfortable living; to another \$10,000 per annum would be barely enough to struggle along upon. There are not many men, or women either, in this country, making even \$3000 a year out of fiction. The person who makes \$10,000 a year out of that branch of literary work may count himself fortunate. I do not believe there are five writers of fiction in this country who make as much by their pens alone.

AT THE annual dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press, Lord Glenesk presided, and Mr. Frederick Macmillan responded to the toast of Literature. In the course of his remarks he said, apropos of the foregoing paragraph, what I have often said in this column—that what is generally known as a literary career is one in which it is given to few to succeed. "The great mass of English literature that will remain," he insisted, "is the product of men who had other occupations than that of writing." He reminded his hearers that Shakespeare was an actor-manager, Bacon a lawyer, Bunyan a tinker, Swift a parson, Burke a politician, Lamb a clerk in the India House, etc.

"What I have in my mind in making these remarks," he continued, "is the melancholy spectacle of young men and young women, ambitious of literary fame, who are only too ready to throw up their positions in office or shop to buy an inkpot and a ream of paper and set out on a literary career. It is my lot to come across many such aspirants to immortality, and to them I always say, 'If you have the energy and the capacity to be a journalist, well and good. There is no doubt room in journalism as in most other professions for real ability. But as in other professions, aptitude for work and training are necessary. However, if by a literary career you mean writing books, remember that Scott composed a great part of his immortal works while he was earning an official salary as Sheriff of Selkirkshire and Collector of Sessions in Edinburgh; and to come nearer to our own day, remember that the many and excellent novels of Anthony Trollope were written by an active and busy official of the General Post Office, that the poetry and prose of Matthew Arnold flowed from the pen of an inspector of schools, and that "Lothair" was the work of a Prime Minister of England."

WHEN THE DEATH-DEALING cable-car was unloaded upon us from Philadelphia, we felt that no good thing could come out of the City of Brotherly Love; but we have had to change our opinion since the Pennsylvania Railroad established its 23d Street Ferry. The hansoms, victorias, coupés and omnibuses run in connection with that convenient ferry are bound in time to revolutionize the cab system here. Only a few days ago, I hailed a hansom at the Grand Central, and asked the fare to the West 23d Street Ferry. The answer was \$1.50. I addressed the second driver in the line; his charge was \$1.25. As I turned away, the third one drove up to me and agreed to make the trip for \$1. The smart-looking, rubber-tired Pennsylvania hansoms take two people a mile and a half for a quarter! And these and the other styles of vehicle call for passengers at houses and hotels. The costly cab has got to go—with the dirty streets, cobblestone pavements and other abominations of the good old Tammany régime.



FROM "HARPER'S BAZAR"

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MISS ELLEN GLASGOW

THIS portrait of Miss Glasgow, I am sure, will interest my readers greatly—especially those who have read her first book. She has a bright future before her, for "The Descendant" has in it elements of great promise. A sketch of her life, by Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, will be found on the first page of this number.

AN AMERICAN railroad man is trying to convert the British to the American cable-car system. He contends that cable-cars should run in Piccadilly, the Strand and Trafalgar Square. Perish the thought! And perish the people of London if the experiment is tried. Broadway is a deserted street compared with the Strand. It is difficult to cross even without the cable-cars tearing up and down its length. I have waited as long as fifteen minutes on the curb, watching for a chance to cross from one side of the Strand to the other, and once in despair I called a hansom cab and crossed over in that, which, absurd as it may seem, was the quickest, and apparently the only, way of getting across. Now, if cable-cars were added to the confusion, the death-rate in London would probably be greater than that of any city in the world.

SPEAKING of London, Miss Marion Terry has gained a suit brought by her against *The St. James's Budget*, for a libel published in that paper in February last. This was the libel:—"That clever and delightful actress, Miss Marion Terry, seen on the boards all too seldom of late, will soon desert her profession altogether, for it is now an open secret that, as soon as their term of mourning shall have passed, Miss Terry is to be married to her brother-in-law, Mr. Morris." After the appearance of the paragraph, the editor of the *Budget* published a most ample apology. But it did not satisfy Miss Terry, who could not forgive the statement that she was going to marry her brother-in-law. Everyone who knows English prejudices, knows that there is none deeper

rooted than that against a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister. The justice before whom the case was tried scored the *St. James's* for what it had written, and the jury, without leaving the box, found a verdict for Miss Terry, with damages at 500*l.*

THIS must be a joke: Somebody advertises in an English paper for a man to write "a history of California from information to be gathered from the Reading Room of the British Museum. The length of the publication is to be 400,000 words." The remuneration offered for this task is 10*l.*, or sixpence per 1000 words.

AFTER certain books that the late William Morris left under way are finished, the Kelmscott Press will be closed. When I had the pleasure of visiting that printing-establishment under its owner's guidance, three Caxton-modeled presses were running. Now there are two, but they are sufficient for all the work in hand. When Mr. Morris founded the Kelmscott Press, there was none other doing such work as his, or anything like it. Now there are a number that turn out almost as beautiful work, so that his labors have had their reward—if a noble example widely followed is a reward, and I think that it is. "After all," exclaims *The Saturday Review*, "it amply filled its function. Not even the superior sneers of Mr. Joseph Pennell—the Quaker who came from America to teach us the art of printing and other matters—availed much against it."

MR. JOHN J. CHAPMAN of New York writes to the Chicago *Dial* to make charges against the magazines, which, he declares, are edited entirely from a commercial standpoint. I have heard this complaint before, and should like to know what would be the effect of editing magazines from the standpoint of Mr. Chapman and others who share his opinion. If a man can be found who is willing to invest money without asking a return, such a magazine may be published, but not otherwise. Why should publishers be expected to work for love any more than any other class of business men? Would Mr. Chapman—who is a painstaking lawyer—devote his time to cases that he could not win, or to clients that could not pay? I do not believe he would—though I know of no one who would be more likely to do so. This world is not a Utopia, and we have to do many things for commercial reasons. Mr. Chapman argues that the young writer has no chance, that he is ruled out on the score of unconventionality; that he does not work according to tradition, and therefore must not have a hearing.

MY OBSERVATION leads me to think that it is the older writers who are ruled out. This seems to be the age of young men. Young men not only have a showing in the larger magazines, but they have endless small periodicals at their disposal. If there ever was a time when a man could get a hearing, no matter what his age or what he had to say, it is the present. If what he writes is the sort of thing the public wants to read, he is sure to have an audience.

MR. CHAPMAN, who, I may add, is a most interesting writer himself, says that he wrote an article on a popular author, which he offered to all the leading magazines, and which was declined by each in turn. "It represents," he says, "a slightly novel view of a very popular author. Each magazine is afraid that some portion of the public will take up the number, glance at it and see an unsympathetic view of the writer, and throw down the copy." I cannot feel that this is the reason why Mr. Chapman's article is declined. I have seen too many adverse criticisms of popular authors published, to believe that his article was rejected on ac-

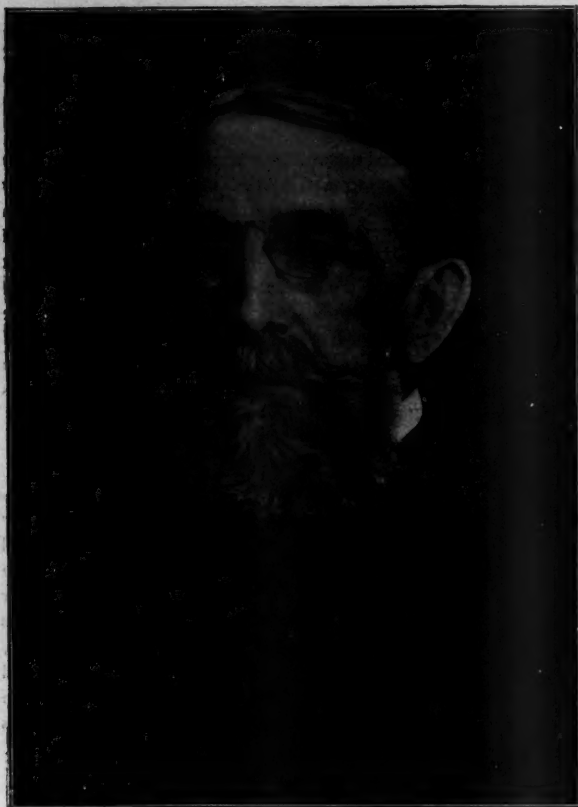
count of its critical qualities. There must be some other reason, and if Mr. Chapman will kindly allow me the pleasure of reading his manuscript, I may be able to tell him what that other reason is.

A PUBLISHER handed me not long since a postcard which he had received from California. It read thus:—"Have you any Treties on The Edable Frog?" Another treasured postcard in his possession, coming from South Dakota, asks for a price list of his books, "especially the one that treats of Pharo." The last word was at first spelt "Faro" and then "corrected." At the same time that the publisher showed me this card, he told me that he had recently received an order for a copy of "The Fair Rose of the Bondage." As you have guessed, the book referred to by the last two writers quoted above was Dr. Charles S. Robinson's "Pharaohs of the Bondage."

MR. A. W. DRAKE, who has been connected with the art department of *The Century Magazine* since its foundation, over twenty-five years ago, is one of the most assiduous and successful collectors of paintings, brasses, coppers, etc., in this city, but he is also a collector of books, as behooves a member of the Grolier Club. Mr. Drake does not collect books as assiduously as he does brasses, yet he has some rare and valuable volumes. Not long ago, when browsing among the London book-stands, he found an odd volume, which he bought for a few cents. It proved to have been printed by Plantin of Antwerp. On one of its pages were the signs of the zodiac, given in so novel a manner that I have asked Mr. Drake's permission to allow me to reproduce them.



"IN A RECENT *Critic* review of Mr. Seaman's poems," writes Mr. Will P. Baker of the *Syracuse Courier* (Cornell, '91), "you quote from a burlesque of Walt Whitman, closing 'Cornell I yell, I yell Cornell.' The mistake is not unexpected, for it is the common notion that the Cornell yell goes so. But it doesn't. 'Cornell I yell, yell, yell Cornell' is the proper form, and every Cornellian can bear witness that it is never 'given down' by those authorized to give voice to it in any other form. As Cornell graduates grow more numerous, more of the world at large will learn this." Mr. Baker is presumably correct in his version of the yell. It is a hideous one, at best, and I confidently look to see one more civilized substituted for it before many years have passed.



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DR. ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

Ambassador White's Departure

THE HON. Andrew Dickson White, the new United States Ambassador to Germany, sailed on Saturday, May 29, on the Spree, to take charge of his important post. Before his departure, Dr. White received many honors—among them being a dinner given to him by the German-Americans of New York on May 22, and a reception at the Authors Club, on May 26. The dinner took place at L'ederkranz Hall, Mr. Carl Schurz presiding. Dr. White's answer to the toast "Our Guest" was in part as follows:—

"To our debt in educational matters I have already referred, but I may add that German influence is hardly more marked in our universities than in that whole system of public instruction, on the success of which our free institutions so largely depend. Americans also owe much to Germans in regard to practical instruction in agriculture and the arts.

"I might point out other fields in which the debt of this country to Germany might well be acknowledged, but I will simply add that in my opinion the greatest debt of all, that which should forever cause us to consider Germany as a mother country in a very high and true sense, is the fact that she has done so much to influence the higher ideas of American civilization. No influences have done so much to modify the idea that material considerations are the main or, indeed, the only considerations in the modern nation as those which have come to us from Germany. Every German scholar who has come to our shores has propagated higher conceptions of the meanings of existence and of the true glory of American civilization. Every German musician offering to us the treasures of German musical inspiration, from Bach and Beethoven and Handel and Mozart, to Wagner and Brahms; every German artist who has aided to impress upon us the deeper meaning of sculpture painting and engraving; every German philosopher who in school or college has brought to our young men a closer knowledge of Kant's Categorical Imperative; every German man-of-letters, even the modest teacher of languages, who has introduced our youth to German literature; all these have contributed to deepen our life, to give us wider horizons than any founded on mere materialism. They have aided to build upon the mate-

rial basis of American civilization those structures which ennoble and uplift a nation.

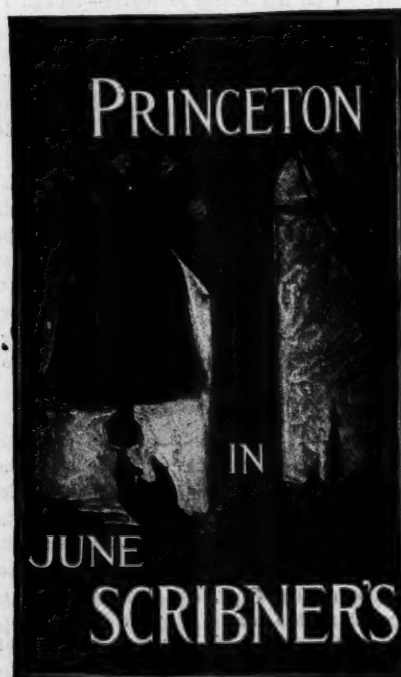
"My fellow-citizens of German descent, it is, then, with a profound gratitude to Germany and to those who represent it that I shall again visit her capital. I shall go back to her as one goes from the family to which he is bound by the closest ties, to revisit a mother—the mighty mother Germania."

A sketch of Ambassador White's brilliant educational and diplomatic career was given in these pages on April 10.

The June Magazines

"Scribner's Magazine"

ONE longs to be an undergraduate again and live over his salad days after reading Mr. James W. Alexander's "Undergraduate Life at Princeton—Old and New," which is accompanied by most attractive pictures by Mr. W. R. Leigh. No wonder that the Princeton newsdealers cannot keep supplied with copies of the June *Scribner's*. After reading Mr. Alexander's suggestive article, the reader, if he be a young man, will at once wonder what it will cost to go to Princeton. If he will turn to the department "About the World," at the back of the magazine, he will learn all about it, and will be delighted to find that the average Princeton man, "not the impecunious grind shut off from the enjoyment of athletics and college 'life,' but the fellow who goes in for pretty much everything according to his tastes, who plays on a 'varsity team, takes honors, and lives comfortably—finds no difficulty in bringing his expenditures within the limits of \$500 per year, including clothes, railroad fares, and his moderate portion of the beer-and-skittles side of life." These are attractive figures as against Judge Grant's \$1500 for Harvard.—Those who enjoy Mr. Stephen Crane's peculiar manner of story-telling, will enjoy his account of his experiences at sea in an open boat. Mr. Crane may know, though we do not, what he means when he says:—"Many a man ought to have a bath-tub longer than the boat which here rode upon the sea"; "Canton flannel gulls flew near and far"; or, "Shipwrecks are apropos of nothing. If men could only train for them and have them occur when the men had reached *pink condition*, there would be less drowning at sea." The italics are ours.—We confess that when we want to read a story, it is a story that we want to read, and "The Non-Combatant" by Octave Thanet, which follows that of Mr. Crane, is much more to our taste.—Every description of the Library of Congress that we read impresses us anew with its beauty and stateliness and its admirable arrangement for practical purposes. It is well described and depicted by Mr. Montgomery Schuyler and Mr. E. C. Peixotto in this number of the magazine.





"The Century Magazine,"

THE *June Century* is an exceptionally interesting number, both in reading-matter and illustrations. The opening article, not inappropriately, has Queen Victoria for its subject, and gives a capital reproduction of a portrait of Her Majesty painted from life in 1895, and never before published, we believe. The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard offers a tribute to the Queen, while Florence Hayward writes of the "Coronation Roll," which is reproduced by special permission of Her Majesty. There is nothing, however, in the number more interesting than the pages devoted to the sculptor St. Gaudens and his work. The matter devoted to the sculptor himself is from the pen of Mr. W. A. Coffin, and is most appreciative; but no estimate of Mr. St. Gaudens's work could be too high. Even if one had the opportunity to judge of it only by the reproductions given in these pages, he would be convinced of its greatness. That the hand which modeled statues of such strength and power as the Lincoln, Farragut and Cooper, and the figure in Rock Creek Cemetery, should have a touch sufficiently light and delicate to work such wonders in bas-relief portraiture as those of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and the children of Mr. Prescott Hall Butler and of Mr. Jacob Schiff, is little short of marvelous. Special attention is given to the Shaw monument, just finished by Mr. St. Gaudens, which is described by Mr. Edward Wilkinson. Col. T. W. Higginson, who was a commander of colored troops in the Civil War, writes of them apropos of Col. Shaw, and says that they were very much like white soldiers under fire. In an editorial article on "The Hero" (Col. Shaw) the writer says:—"The patriots of to-day are not now, and may not be, called upon to die 'sword in hand'; but this country is in need of men who will bring into the fight against civic corruption as keen a sense of duty and as true a courage as that which inspired the young hero of Fort Wagner."

"The Atlantic Monthly"

THIS number of *The Atlantic* contains two articles of much more than average interest. One is by Dr. Albert Shaw, on "The Municipal Charter of Greater New York," the other on "Brunetière and His Critical Method," by Irving Babbitt of Harvard University. There is no man in America who knows more about municipal government than Dr. Shaw. He has studied the subject thoroughly, both at home and abroad, and there are few who cannot learn much when he speaks. Dr. Shaw's opinion of the charter confirms our own. Its greatest weakness he considers its complexity, and the probability of its being constantly interfered with by legislative action. It is, he says, "even more complicated, if possible, than the existing municipal government; and it may be fairly said that to understand it wholly—an achievement of intellect to which few men can lay claim—one must have learned the peculiar political history of Brooklyn as well as that of the city of New York, and must also have known enough about several other American cities to appreciate the manner in which their systems have influenced the work of the commissioners who have drafted the Greater New York charter. The mere bulk of the new charter (it comprises not far from a thousand octavo

pages) would incidentally bear out the assertion that it is an elaborate and complicated instrument. Its intricacies are greatly increased by the method, or rather lack of method, in the arrangement of its parts. An analysis of this remarkable instrument of government can hardly be understood, nor can it be very useful, unless one approaches it with some distinct point of view or some standard of comparison."—Mr. Babbitt believes that only good can come from M. Brunetière's visit to this country, though it has hardly been possible for him, in so brief a stay, to make his influence fully felt. One of the first things that struck M. Brunetière, on coming into contact with our university life, says Mr. Babbitt, was the "predominance of purely analytical scholarship—a predominance which he attributes to an excessive imitation of German models. He even agreed with the opinion expressed by one of the Harvard professors, that several of our great universities are in danger of degenerating into mere technical schools, as a result of losing hold of the old humanistic ideal; and yet M. Brunetière would be the first to recognize that it is too late to think of an entire return to humanistic tradition."



"Harper's Magazine"

THERE is no more readable article in the *June Harper's* than that by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., on "The Celebrities of the House of Commons." Mr. O'Connor knows his subject thoroughly and writes upon it with easy familiarity. We are immensely interested in all that he says, and much that perhaps we should have known comes to us as news. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, whom we have had the pleasure of seeing from time to time in his favorite seat in the House, or strolling on the Terrace, is not, we are told, a ready speaker. He not only takes notes, but writes them out with the utmost care, and if he is called upon for an impromptu speech, he flounders about like a fish out of water. Mr. John Morley used to be a slave to his written page, but has had so much practise in extempore speaking that he has become quite expert at it. "Curiously enough," says Mr. O'Connor, "it was the platform that first taught Mr. Morley something of what was in him. At the very moment when his speeches in the House of Commons were ineffective, he used to address vast gatherings throughout the country and hold them spellbound for upwards of an hour at a time. And finally practise, increase of self-confidence, success, have produced their effect in the House of Commons; and though he has yet much to learn in the shape of readiness and ease, he has become a most effective speaker." Renouard's illustrations accompanying this article are capital. An important paper on the "Meteorological Progress of the Century" is contributed by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, who traces the development of our theories of sun-spots, the aurora borealis, meteors, ocean currents and cyclones, and explains the science of weather-prophecy. On the latter subject Dr. Williams says:—"At only one place on the globe has it been possible as yet for the meteorologist to make long-time forecasts meriting the title of predictions. This is in the middle Ganges Valley of northern India."—The illustration facing page 143 in this instalment of "The Martian" is unfinished, du Maurier having died before he had time to do more than sketch in the background.

"Lippincott's Magazine"

THE number of stories of adventure grows apace with our newly awakened love for them; but the number of the really good tales is small. A place among them, not in the first rank, to be true, but still well to the front, may be given to "As Any Gentleman Might," by William T. Nichols, which forms the complete novel in the *June Lippincott's*. Its hero is an American; its



scene is laid in England shortly after Waterloo. Its materials are old—kidnapping and rescues, and the sea and its dangers,—but their combinations are new and uncommonly successful. It is a story worth reading.—New York's first poet, as a few of us already know, was a Hollander, yclept Jacob Steendam, who flourished in New Amsterdam about 1653, when he owned a farm at Amersfoort (Flatlands), another at Maspeth, and a house and lot in Pearl Street and in Broadway. Steendam "wrote verses as a pastime," Mr. Edward S. Van Zile, who tells us these particulars, hastens to add. He gives other interesting information in his short paper on "New York's First Poet" in this number—ending with the fact that he left these shores for Batavia.

The Pope as a Poet

THE POPE has completed a Latin poem of eighty stanzas pointing out the duties of frugality and the evils of gluttony. It is said to be full of charm and quiet humor. His Holiness says: "Pay attention before all to cleanliness, that the table appointments be spotless, the glass bright, and napery immaculate, and that from the cellar comes the purest wine of the Albanian hills, which exhilarates the spirits and keeps away trouble, but don't trust Bacchus, so don't be frugal in diluting wine with water." He continues: "Obtain from healthy grain well cooked bread. Eat sparingly of chicken, lamb and beef, which are most nourishing to the body. Meat should be tender and without abundant sauces or vegetables, which spoil it.

"Fresh eggs are excellent, whether raw or slightly cooked. Drink an abundant quantity of foaming milk. It nourishes infants and assists old age. Also honey, that celestial gift. But of this frugally.

"Add to these sweet herbs, fresh vegetables and garden supplies. Add ripe fruit according to season, especially tender apples, which, with their pink tints, brighten the banquet.

"Lastly comes drink, which in hard seeds of Mocha sends you a softly sipping, black liquor that comforts the heart."

The Pope adds that by following these precepts a man may live to a healthy, strong and good old age.

The second part of the poem consists in a graphic description of a banquet which is largely composed of oysters, high-spiced venison and *pâté de foie gras*, "at the end of which there are sometimes strife and contention, and almost always bodily disorders."

The Bradford MS. Ceremonies

EX-AMBASSADOR Bayard presented on May 26 to the commonwealth of Massachusetts the Bradford manuscript history of the New Plymouth Colony, which was intrusted to his care on his departure from England. The impressive ceremony took place in the chamber of the House of Representatives of the state, both houses of the Legislature being in joint session, President Lawrence presiding. The proceedings were opened with the reading to the decree of the Constitutional Convention of London, intrusting the document to Mr. Bayard, to be delivered by him in person to Gov. Wolcott.

The presentation was prefaced by an exhaustive historical address on the manuscript by Senator Hoar, who related his own endeavors, in 1895, to secure the precious document. He enlisted the aid of Mr. John Morley, and finally secured an introduction through others to the Bishop of London, in whose custody the manuscript was. After looking at the volume and reading the records on the fly-leaf, he said: "My lord, I am going to say something which you may think rather audacious. I think this book ought to go back to Massachusetts." "Well," said the Bishop, "I did not know you cared anything about it."

"Why," said Mr. Hoar, "if there were in existence in England a history of King Alfred's reign for thirty years, written by his own hand, it would not be more precious in the eyes of Englishmen than this manuscript is to us." When he got home he communicated with Secretary Olney about it, who wrote to Mr. Bayard that the Administration desired he should do everything in his power to promote the application. The matter was then brought to the attention of the Council of the American Antiquarian Society, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, and the New England Society of New York. These bodies appointed committees to unite in the application. Gov. Wolcott was also consulted, who gave his hearty approbation to the movement, and a letter was dispatched through Mr. Bayard. "I am afraid," said Mr. Hoar, "this application might have had the fate of its predecessors, but for our special good fortune in the fact that Mr. Bayard was our Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Before his powerful influence every obstacle gave way."

Mr. Bayard then referred to his experiences in obtaining the manuscript in London. "There was a will to get the book," he said, "and the legal custodian in London found the way. What I wish to impress upon my countrymen is that this act is one of greatest courtesy on the part of the mother country. It extends in its courtesy not only to the people of Massachusetts, but to the whole United States." Gov. Wolcott pledged the faith of the commonwealth that for all time the manuscript should be guarded in accordance with the terms of the decree under which it was delivered into her possession as one of her chiefest treasures.

Before the convention dissolved, the volume was opened, and those in the hall had an opportunity of gazing at its ancient pages. It is bound in vellum, the contents being entirely in the handwriting of Gov. Bradford. A leather case was made for it in England. Following the exercises at the State House, the members of the American Antiquarian Society gave a dinner at the Parker House, in honor of Mr. Bayard. About fifty gentlemen were present.

The Frederickson Sale

THE LIBRARY sold on May 24-28 inclusive, by Messrs. Bangs & Co., was the third of Mr. Charles W. Frederickson's collections sold by them, the two former sales being held respectively in 1886 and 1893. As Mr. Frederickson was a man of independent means, we may conclude that the library sold by his executors was the ripe result of his tastes and judgment as a collector. The sale was held in eight sessions and included 2410 lots, the last session being devoted entirely to autographs. The total realized \$19,200, an average of \$8.00 per lot. Mr. Frederickson had been a constant reader, as well as an ardent collector, for over fifty years—the last twenty of which were spent entirely in his favorite pursuits. The thing that impresses one most about the sale, is the paucity of really rare books, and the great number of books bought "just to read." As the public knows generally, the library was one of the best in this country on account of its extraordinary collection of Shelley and Shelleyana. In the catalogue, this section alone included 320 lots, while the autographs added eighty-six letters, making a total of over 400 lots centering about one poet! Aside from this, the library was remarkably full in editions of Gray, eighty four lots being devoted to him. Coleridge, Goldsmith, Hawthorne, Irving, Southey, Falconer, Byron and Shakespeare

were fully represented. One had to sort over a bushel of chaff to get a quart of grain, but when it was secured, it paid well for the sorting. In 1848, Messrs. Bartlett & Welford, then under the Astor House, in this city, bought from Edward Moxon, Charles Lamb's literary executor, sixty books, formerly in his library. Of these Mr. Frederickson had secured, by patient search and a long purse, twelve, four of which had been loaned to Coleridge and contained notes both by him and Lamb. These books were eagerly sought for, and fetched high prices—evidently higher than if they had been offered abroad. They included Lamb's copy of Chaucer, Drayton, Collier's "Poetical Decameron," Ben Jonson, Suckling, Shakespeare, More's "Philosophical Poems," "The Essays of Elia," first series (a presentation copy to Allan Cunningham), and a volume of Miscellanies, which included Godwin's tragedy "Antonio," Coleridge's "Remorse" and various other tracts. The books belonging to Lamb and containing Coleridge's notes were the following: Donne's "Poems," Reynold's "God's Revenge Against Murder," "Memoirs of Philip de Commines" and "The Life of John Bunce." Several volumes formerly in the possession of well-known literary people were also sold, among them being books containing autographs of Southey, Gray, Procter, Cowper and Thackeray. The following are the more important items with their prices:—

Bourne's "Poemata," London 1750 (Cowper's copy), \$10. Camden's "Remains," London 1674 (Gray's copy), \$20. Coleridge's "Christabel," London 1816, \$3.50. Coleridge and Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," London 1799, \$5.50. Donne's "Poems," London 1699 (Lamb's copy), \$115. Drayton's "Works," London 1748 (Lamb's copy), \$250. Goldsmith's "The Traveller," London 1765, \$57. "The Deserted Village," London 1770, \$140. Gray's "Elegy," 1751 (with "Odes" 1757), \$160. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Boston 1850 (with reduplicate on page 21), \$16. Homer, Chapman's translation, n. d. (Coleridge's copy with numerous MS. notes), \$100. Keats's "Poems," London 1817 (presentation copy), \$300. "Endymion," London 1818 (presentation copy to his brother George), \$150. Lamb's "Works," London 1840 (presentation copy to William Hazlitt "from his old friend Mary Ann Lamb"), \$21. Lamb's "Elia Essays," London 1823 (presentation copy), \$230. "History of Philip de Commines," London 1674 (Coleridge's notes), \$120. "Life of John Bunce," London 1756 (Coleridge's notes), \$55. "Miscellanies," London 1800 (Lamb's copy), \$300. More's "Philosophical Poems," Cambridge 1644, \$170. Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea," London 1646 (Lamb's copy), \$270. Reynold's "God's Revenge Against Murder," London 1657 (Coleridge's and Lamb's notes), \$110. Ben Jonson's "Complete Works," London 1692 (Lamb's copy), \$375. Chaucer's "Works," London 1598 (Lamb's copy), \$340. Montaigne's "Essays," London 1603, (Florio's translation), \$95. Shelley's "Zastrozzi," London 1810, \$46; "St. Irvyne," London 1811, \$45; "Address to the Irish People," Dublin 1812, \$130; "Queen Mab," London 1813, \$200; the same, presentation copy to M. W. Godwin, \$615; "Alastor," London 1816, \$130; "Laon and Cythna," London 1818, \$145; "The Revolt of Islam," London 1818, \$20; "Rosalind and Helen," London 1819, \$34; "The Cenci," Italy 1819, \$65; "Prometheus Unbound," London 1820, \$27.50; "Adonais," Pisa 1821, \$335; "Hellas," London 1822, \$1; "Posthumous Poems," London 1824, \$25.

Among the autographs sold were over sixty Shelley letters. These ranged in price from \$20 to \$80, which is considered low for them, as they would undoubtedly have brought twice that sum in London. Among the other items of peculiar interest was the original MS. of Lamb's play "Pride's Cure" ("John Woodvil"), partly in the handwriting of Mary Lamb. This fetched \$360. A Burns A. L. S. brought \$125; a Cowper MS. (114 pages) \$110; a Lamb A. L. S. (to Thomas Hood), \$100. Lincoln's Baltimore Speech, 4 pages, 4to., fetched \$425; a letter of Poe, \$125; Bryant's MS. of "The Death of the Flowers," with A. L. S., \$65. Several Byron letters were sold, ranging from \$30 to \$75, according to contents. A number of Irving MSS. came under the hammer, notably a fragment of "The Life of Washington," \$52.50. A Notebook, with 47 pages of memoranda, fetched \$67.50. A letter in rhyme by Thackeray sold for \$95.

London Letter

IT is now pretty generally understood that the writer selected to complete Robert Louis Stevenson's unfinished story, "St. Ives," is Mr. Quiller Couch. When one first hears this, he is inclined to regret, perhaps, his early protestations. For if there be any writer fitted by nature and by sympathy to undertake the task, it is the author of "The Splendid Spur." How keen Mr. Couch's reverence and affection were for Stevenson he has told us on more than one occasion, and the student of style does not need to be very subtle in tracing the influence of Stevenson upon Mr. Couch's own work. The best of his romancing, indeed, is in the true Stev-

ensonian vein, and he is never so successful as when he wears his mantle in the fashion of his master. One feels all this, and yet—upon second thought,—why should one refrain from protesting, after all. There was really no need for the finishing touch, and the precedent is a very bad one. It is understood that only a fragment, a chapter or so, was necessary to the completion of the novel, and that Stevenson actually left a synopsis of the remaining incidents. Why, then, go beyond his framework? In the case of "Weir of Hermiston," scarce half the book was finished; yet, with Mr. Sidney Colvin's added note, the course of the story rose in the imagination with "a crystalline completeness." In the present case the need of a continuator seems even less agreeable. We may still hope that the literary executors of Stevenson will see their way to publish his work in the form in which he left it.

This is an age of memorials, and there will soon be not a village left in England that has not some memento of the illustrious dead. Mr. Mackenzie Bell, himself a poet, is the latest spirit to move the enthusiasm of the masses, and this time on behalf of Felicia Hemans. It seems that there is no memorial to that gifted writer in the town of Liverpool, of which she was a native, and within the walls of which she wrote some of her most popular verses. Consequently, a meeting has been held, and a committee formed. It includes the names of Miss Anna Swanwick, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Mackenzie Bell, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, "Ian Maclaren" and the Principal of University College, Liverpool. The suggestion is that 250l. or 300l. be raised to institute a prize for lyrical poetry in the University College. This is not, perhaps, an altogether fortunate idea; for verse competitions are not universally commendable, and lead to the making of many bad rhymes. However, the commemorative object is excellent, and cannot but command the good-will of all who are interested in literature.

When Mr. W. E. Henley collected that stimulating anthology, "A London Garland," he did something towards re-awakening in poets and prose-writers a sense of the wealth and magnificence of London as a treasure-house for literary celebration. There have certainly been signs of late that poetry is trying once more to recognize the significance of the common sights and sounds of London life, and a little book, to be published this week by Mr. Elkin Mathews, is a remarkably worthy attempt to carry on the tradition. I allude to a dainty volume of "Thames Sonnets and Semblances," the verse by Margaret Armour, the pictures by Mr. W. B. MacDougall. The poet is, in point of fact, the artist's wife, and they have worked together with singular harmony. Several of the sonnets are remarkable, alike for thought and for expression, and the illustrations are full of originality. Mr. MacDougall is a young Scots artist, who will be known to Americans for his interesting pictures to the Book of Ruth, published last Christmas by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. His work is essentially modern, but avoids that tendency to sacrifice beauty to eccentricity which mars so much of the ultra-modern work in black-and-white. He is at present engaged upon an illustrated edition of Keats's "Isabella," which will be published in the autumn. This graceful volume of "Thames Semblances" would be a charming souvenir of London for the portmanteau, and subsequently for the salon, of the itinerant American.

Among American novelists who have never yet found their public in England must be classed that admirable writer, Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Various attempts have been made to introduce his work satisfactorily to the English public; but, except for a slight flush of enthusiasm in 1892, they have fallen very flat. However, I am told that that enterprising publisher, Mr. Heinemann—"enterprising" is the epithet that every paper applies to him, so I gladly follow the fashion,—will to-morrow give Mr. Davis's new book, "Soldiers of Fortune," a tremendously energetic launching into the sea of Mudie and the lake of Smith. Mr. Heinemann himself talks most enthusiastically of this book, and believes that it cannot fail to find Mr. Davis new friends all over England. Great pains have been taken to present the book in a worthy form, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Davis will not be again able to say, as he has been known to in the past, that "he lives in the hope of some day taking some money out of England, if only as a memento of the many pleasant days he has spent there."

Mr. William Appleton has left London, and Mr. George Haven Putnam has reached it. It is understood that Mr. Appleton carried off with him the manuscript of Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian," and a contract for the new novel which Mme. Sarah Grand is just finishing in the Riviera. For some weeks now Mr. Appleton has been a conspicuous figure at most of the literary gatherings and

dinners in London, and he will be really missed. Mme. Grand's book, by the bye, may be expected this autumn. Its title is not yet settled, but it is likely to be of a somewhat surprising, or, rather, puzzling, character.

LONDON, 21 May 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Fine Arts

The Shaw Memorial by St. Gaudens

FOR A GOOD many years past, visitors to the studio of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens in West 34th Street, have found the main room bisected by a huge partition, sometimes covered with canvas, at other times exposed to view. The face of the partition was composed of plaster, and when uncovered it revealed the figure of a soldier on horseback, with a crowd of Negroes marching beside him, supporting muskets on their shoulders. It was designed for a very large monument, showing many figures, and the sculptor made no undue haste in pushing it to completion. At last, however, it was finished, and the splendid memorial to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw and his fellow officers, and the colored soldiers of the regiment, unveiled at Boston this week, on Decoration Day, fully justified—if justification were needed—the long years of patient elaboration that had gone to the modelling of this spirited group of men and boys, with the symbolical figure of Fame floating overhead and directing their onward march. The monument stands immediately in front of the State House, and crowns the grassy knoll that rises to Beacon Street. A terrace seventy feet long, set back from the sidewalk, is surrounded on three sides by a balustrade and seat of pink granite. In the centre, flanked with bronze Ionic pilasters and crowned by an arched cornice, is a massive granite panel, which bears Mr. St. Gaudens's work in bronze, in high relief. At each end of the panel, resting on the balustrade, is a sphere surmounted by an eagle. The balustrade is relieved at the corners by urns; and its face is enriched with a series of wreaths, above which are carved the names of Captains Cabot Jackson Russell and William Harris Simpkins, First Lieutenants Edward Lewis Stevens and David Reid and Second Lieutenant Frederick Hedge Webster. A long oblong panel beneath the central bronze relief is thus inscribed:—

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

Colonel of the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry. Born in Boston, October X., MDCCCXXXVII. Killed While Leading the Assault on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July XVIII, MDCCC-LXIII.

Right in the van on the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge he fell
Forward, as fits a man.

But the high soul burns on to light men's feet,
When death for noble ends makes dying sweet.

(The quotation is, of course, from Lowell's poem on Shaw.)

On the side toward the Common the balustrade is supported by a smooth wall, some eight feet high, relieved by three full-sized heads of lions. From their mouths issue streams of water into a massive granite basin, terminating at the sides in low seats, which extend to the flight of steps that leads up at each end. On the reverse of the central panel is an inscription to "The Black Rank and File," written for the purpose some years since by President Eliot of Harvard, who has an unrivalled reputation as a writer of inscriptions. Admirable reproductions of the monument—which, all things considered, may be accepted as Mr. St. Gaudens's *chef d'œuvre*—are to be found in *Harper's Weekly* and the *May Century*.

A New Museum of Decorative Art

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art is not only practically out-of-town to most of the workers in artistic trades, but its regulations do not permit of the free use of the models shown there. The need of a museum like the Paris Musée des Arts Décoratifs, where designers and artisans might sketch and measure and trace from the models, has long been felt here. It is owing to the Misses Eleanor and Sallie Hewitt, who have spent the past three years in the work, that New York has at last a Museum of the Decorative Arts, which will be more than a show place, and where to those who have practical needs to serve will be given facilities which could not be permitted indiscriminately.

The new Museum is on the Fourth Avenue and Astor Place sides of the Cooper Union building. A large gallery contains a full collection of casts of sculpture and architecture, mainly of the historical French styles most in use at present. These were specially selected by the director of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs

from the large collection of that institution. There are casts of interior decorations from the Tuileries; of doors, clocks and mirror frames from St. Cloud; a complete reproduction of the charming little boudoir of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; Jean Goujon's celebrated panels in the Hôtel Carnavalet; bas-reliefs by Clodion, and fragments from the Petit Trianon and the house of Mme. de Sévigné. Some large statues from the Versailles fountains are placed in the centre of the gallery. These are the gift of Mr. George A. Hearn.

In addition to the collection of casts, the Museum already contains numerous reproductions of the ancient locksmith's work, of old laces and brocades, examples of wall-papers, ancient carpet and furniture patterns, and the nucleus of what should become a very interesting collection of pottery and porcelain. These examples are supplemented by many frames and portfolios full of photographs, sketches and engravings, so that the Museum, though not yet what it may and should become, is already equipped to start at once on its career of usefulness. Its contents, so far, have been chosen and arranged with excellent judgment. Type-written cards, attached to the exhibits, give full descriptions of each and preclude the necessity of a catalogue. Entrance to the Museum is by card, which can be procured at the office of the Cooper Union. Arrangements are being made to keep open in the evening and on Sunday.

The Cooper Statue

THE unveiling of the statue of Peter Cooper, in the small park facing the south front of Cooper Union, took place on May 29. The ceremonies in the great hall of the building, presided over by Mayor Strong, were impressive, and began with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Peters, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, who had promised to open the proceedings, being too ill to be present. The commemorative address was made by Mr. John E. Parsons. Among those present were Peter Cooper's son and son-in-law, ex-Mayors Cooper and Hewitt, and several of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. It was announced by Mr. Hewitt that a sister of Mr. Cooper, who died this year, had left \$200,000 to the Institute.

Art Notes

A STATUE of Robert Ross, the "hero of peace," who was murdered by Bat Shea at the polls in Troy, was unveiled in Oakwood Cemetery, near that city, on May 26. It is the work of Mr. J. Massey Rhind, represents a man defending the ballot-box with one hand and grasping an American flag with the other, and was erected by the Robert Ross Association, composed of prominent women of the city.

—The Rochester Society of Arts and Crafts held an exhibition, last week, of Japanese prints and modern French posters, prints and covers. The catalogue contained a useful short introduction.

—Messrs. J. & R. Lamb have just finished a stained glass window, the design of Mr. F. S. Lamb, which will be temporarily placed in the woman's building at the Nashville exposition, and then be put up in the permanent woman's building in Nashville, Tenn. The central circle, filling fully one-half, is occupied by three figures, that of Literature being in the centre. Artistic Industry is on her left, and Fine Arts on her right.

—To relieve the Trustees of the Boston Public Library of an embarrassing contention, Mr. C. F. McKim has withdrawn his present of the "Bacchante" by MacMonnies.

Education

THE Eighth Annual Report of the Aguilar Free Library of this city is a record of excellent work. The society maintains free libraries at 197 East Broadway, 616 Fifth, 113 E. 59th and 176 E. 110th Streets. At three of these libraries there are free reading-rooms. During the year ending 31 Oct. last, 339,420 volumes were circulated, on a basis of about 36,000. Dr. Henry M. Leipzig reports that among the most popular books are Fiske's "Civil Government," Spencer's "First Principles," Shakespeare, Taine's "English Literature," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Tennyson's poems, "David Copperfield," Eggleston's "American History" and Martin's "Human Body." At the East Broadway Library, near the homes of the Russian immigrants, the demand for American history and biography can hardly be satisfied, and the circulation of purely instructive books is larger than at any of the other branches. The Aguilar Library coöperates, as far as possible, with the public schools.

Dr. John S. Billings, Superintendent of the New York Public Library, has made the suggestion that the New York Historical Society, while looking for a new site, could advantageously combine its resources with those of the Library.

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor appeals for funds for the vacation schools. The continually increasing attendance at these schools, which offer coolness and play and pleasant instruction when the streets are too hot and the homes too stuffy, shows their appreciation by the children of the poor. The Board of Education provides the buildings; all other expenses must be met by private contributions. The schools are a factor for good, and deserve hearty support. Checks should be made payable to Mr. Warner Van Norden, 25 Nassau Street, distinctly marked "For the Vacation Schools," and be sent to Mr. W. H. Tolman, 105 East 22nd Street.

The Sultan has withdrawn his objections to the appointment of Dr. James B. Angell as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Constantinople.

Prof. John Fiske of Harvard University will deliver the commencement address at the Woman's College of Baltimore, on June 15. His subject will be "Old and New Ways of Treating History." The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss of the Methodist Church.

Dr. Josiah Royce, Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard, has been appointed Gifford lecturer at the University of Aberdeen, for the terms 1898-99 and 1899-1900.

The will of the late Mrs. J. H. French of Beloit, Wis., bequeaths \$10,000 to the American Humane Education Society, and a large sum to Beloit College, on condition that vivisection shall not be practiced in the College or any of its departments. In case this condition is violated, the money is to be paid to the American Humane Education Society.

Mr. William R. Grace has purchased the old Moore mansion, at 153 West 60th Street, and will remodel it as the home of Grace Institute, the industrial school for young girls recently projected and endowed by him.

The litigation over the will of the late Mrs. Catherine Garcelon of Oakland, Cal., who died in 1891, has been ended by the decision of the United States Supreme Court, dismissing the appeal in the Merritt suit. The will leaves \$400,000 to Bowdoin College, and \$600,000 to Oakland, for a hospital.

The Presbyterian General Assembly has quietly tabled a resolution censuring the authorities of Princeton University for providing wine at the anniversary banquet, last fall.

Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York, have in press "The Young American," by Prof. Harry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago. The book, which is intended for supplementary reading in schools and for general circulation, presents an outline of the origin, nature and functions of civil government. It will be illustrated.

Two books of interest to college men will be published immediately by the Fleming H. Revell Co.—"Strategic Points in the World's Conquest: the Universities and Colleges as Related to the Progress of Christianity," by Mr. John R. Mott; and "The Culture of Christian Manhood: Sunday Mornings in Battell Chapel, Yale University," collected and arranged by Mr. W. H. Sallmon. The list of contributors to the latter volume includes many familiar names.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in the fall, "Constitutional Studies, State and Federal," by Prof. James Schouler, being the substance of lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University during 1893-96.

The first volume of the "Expositor's Greek Testament," to be published shortly by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., will cover the Synoptic Gospels, by the Rev. Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D., Professor of Apologetics, Free Church College, Glasgow; and the Gospel of St. John, by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., Professor of Exegetical Theology, New College, Edinburgh. It is expected that the work will run into four volumes, each volume to be published at an interval of one year. The same house announces that publication in this country of the English version of the Polychrome Bible, edited by Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, is to be begun in October, with the issue of "Judges," edited by Prof. Moore of Andover; "Isaiah," edited by Canon T. Cheyne, Oxford; and "Psalms," edited by Prof. Wellhausen.

Notes

MR. W. W. APPLETON has just returned from his annual trip abroad, with the MS. of Mr. Hall Caine's new story, "The Christian," under his arm. Mr. Appleton is described by a London paper as a "tall, distinguished-looking man, whose personal appearance and style remind one of Mr. S. B. Bancroft. He is an entertaining talker, and has a keen perception of what is genuinely good and promising in the literature of to-day. He is one of the most enterprising of transatlantic publishers, and has an able permanent representative in London in the person of Dr. G. W. Sheldon."

—Mr. Charles Scribner, who has just returned from abroad, met with an accident on his voyage out, in the spring, from which he has not yet entirely recovered, though he is out and about. In helping his wife up the companionway, one rough day, his foot slipped and he came down with all his weight on his elbow. The doctors do not know whether any bones are broken, but Mr. Scribner knows that it is very painful.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have recently issued "Some Correspondence between the Governors and Treasurers of the New England Company in London and the Commissioners of the United Colonies in America, the Missionaries of the Company, and Others, between the Years 1657-1712," among the correspondence printed for the first time being several letters from John Eliot, the "Apostle to the North American Indians," Increase Mather, the Rev. Experience Mayhew, Cotton Mather and other representatives, of the New England Company. There is also an account of certain visits to the Pequot and Mohegan Indians in 1713-1714. Only 100 copies are for sale in this country.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for instant publication "The Land of the Dollar," by G. W. Stevens, whom the London *Daily Mail* sent to this country, last autumn, as a special correspondent. His letters to the paper form the basis of his book, which gives a series of impressions, not only of our political ways, but of the country and its life as seen by him. Mr. Stevens has recently acted as war-correspondent in Greece for the same paper.

—Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will issue shortly "The Gadfly," a novel by a new author, the scene of which is laid in Italy during the political conspiracies against the Austrians in the first half of the present century.

—Mr. Edward Arnold announces for immediate publication "The Chances of Death, and Other Studies in Evolution," by Karl Pearson, author of "Ethics of Free Thought"; and "Memories of the Months," papers on topics of rural life, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, editor of the Sportsman's Library. Mr. Arnold has imported for the American market the biography of Lord Cromer, by H. D. Traill.

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. will add to their series of booklets "The Soul's Quest after God," by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

—Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son announce a new volume of the Book Lovers' Library, entitled "The Novels of Charles Dickens," a bibliography and sketch, by F. G. Kitton, author of "Dickensiana," "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," etc., with an unpublished portrait.

—Messrs. F. A. Stokes Co. have received word that Mr. Edward Rose, who dramatized "The Prisoner of Zenda," has been at work upon "The Heart of Princess Osra" for some time, and is to dramatize "Phroso" as well. It is likely that one or both of these plays will be upon the boards in this country during the coming season.

—Among the most promising young writers of the past few years is Mr. John Fox, Jr., whose first story, "A Mountain Europa," originally published in *The Century*, at once won approval, and whose later work, including "A Cumberland Vendetta," has greatly strengthened his reputation. Mr. Fox, though still in the early thirties, has had a varied experience. Born in the Kentucky "blue-grass" region, he was educated at Harvard, where he distinguished himself both as athlete and student. Then he studied law in New York City, but abandoned it for newspaper work, which gave him an excellent training for story-writing, and finally broke down his health. He returned to Kentucky to recuperate, and there lived among the mountaineers, gathering the material that he has since woven into fiction. During the past two years Mr. Fox has had considerable success as a reader from his own stories, and as a lecturer. He is now in Virginia, working on a new book, and revising the proof-sheets of "Hell for Sartain, and Other Stories," soon to be published by the Messrs. Harper.

—Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks is writing a book describing the adventures of a party of boys and girls on a series of trips to the famous battlefields of the Revolution. The author recently visited the scenes himself, accompanied by Mr. Ellsworth of the Century Co., who photographed the historic fields and monuments for the book and for an illustrated lecture which he is to deliver next winter under Major Pond's auspices. "The Century Book of the American Revolution" will be the third in the series of patriotic volumes which began with "The Century Book for Young Americans"—a work that has sold to the extent of 25,000 copies. It will have a preface by Mr. Depew, and bear the endorsement of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. In view of the great interest in matters pertaining to the Revolution, it is singular that there has been no book of just this sort since Lossing's, which appeared in 1855.

—A series of satirical articles on our popular summer resorts, by Joseph Smith, with unique illustrations, will make *Life* interesting during the summer months.

—The biography of Tennyson is all in print, and Lord Tennyson is engaged in correcting the proofs. It makes two large volumes, each of which will have a number of illustrations. As might be thought, a good deal of the story of Tennyson's life has been told by means of his own letters. The precise terms of the title do not appear to have been decided upon yet, only the field of choice in such a matter is not very wide.

—Mr. E. S. Martin, whose "Busy World" is one of the special attractions of *Harper's Weekly*, has turned his back upon Rochester and come to New York to live.


—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday on May 27 at her home in Boston. She received flowers, letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. A cablegram from Greece thanked her for money she has raised to aid the suffering Cretans. Mrs. Howe was re-elected president of the New England Woman's Suffrage Association and addressed a large gathering of Unitarians in Music Hall on the evening of her birthday.

—The "leafy Devon," which even Herrick gladly deserted for London, is good enough for Mr. Rudyard Kipling, says *The Daily Chronicle*. Despite a more than usually wet season, he has found the neighborhood of Torquay, a sufficiently agreeable place of residence to decide him to return to it again next winter.

—Mrs. S. H. R. Goodale and her daughter, Miss Dora Read Goodale, have met recently with very serious losses in the destruction of literary work and material by the burning of their home at Amherst, Mass. The pecuniary loss, including books, pictures and all personal belongings as well as household effects, was also disastrous.

—Rumors of Mark Twain's precarious health and impoverished condition have again reached this country from London. As a matter of fact, Mr. Clemens is in good health again, and living in a pleasant apartment in Chelsea. His book has been finished, and he intends to spend the summer in Austria, with his family. On May 27 Mr. Clemens dined with a few friends, including Mr. Nelson, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and the London correspondent of the Associated Press. "His hair is almost white, but his face has a good color, his eyes are bright and his figure is upright and alert. He talked entertainingly all the evening about his travels, his book and his experiences in London."

—"Zola, having been told that Brunetière had, in a lecture delivered in New York, criticised with a severity of denunciation which almost equaled political invective the writings of Zola, made no reply," says *Leslie's Weekly*. "There was none for him to make. He could have done no more than again to defend his methods and ideals. He could not deny Brunetière's authority, nor could he justly accuse that profound French critic of personal animosity. The first essential for true literary criticism, Brunetière declared in one of the American lectures recently given, is that the critic absolutely divests himself of all personal feeling, either of friendship or enmity. His great authority, his kingship in the realm of literary criticism, is due partly to the fact that he is known always to approach his subject absolutely free from any personal bias, unhampered, and at full liberty to tell the truth."



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The *Boston Evening Transcript* says: "The workmanship of the new author is excellent."

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—It is said that Sardou has presented to Sir Henry Irving the inkstand used by him in writing "Mme. Sans-Gêne" as a token of his satisfaction with Sir Henry's interpretation of the part of Napoleon. He should present the pen with which the play was written to Miss Terry, as an acknowledgment of her admirable performance of the title rôle.

—The ashes of the late Hubert M. Crakanthorpe have been deposited in a memorial chapel in Westmoreland.

—By Mr. Coventry Patmore's will, his widow was made his literary executrix, all his copyrights, MSS., correspondence, etc., being left to her. Mrs. Patmore is now preparing a memoir of her husband, with the assistance of Messrs. Basil Champneys and Frederick Greenwood.

—It is generally expected, says *The Daily Chronicle*, that the celebration of the Queen's long reign will imply a special distribution of honors. "In that relation it is being suggested, 'Why not a titled publisher?' Authorship, the drama, journalism have been so recognized. Are the publishers beyond recognition *qua* publishers? The point is interesting, and a certain attention will wait upon it." Why not Sir Frederick Macmillan?

—Norman Macleod, son of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, who died in Chicago some time ago, was well known in literary circles in that city some ten years ago, and was for a time editor of *The Rambler*. In 1890 he started a literary agency company in London, which failed.

—Why does the Chicago *Times-Herald* allude to "On the Red Staircase," by M. Imlay Taylor, the scene of which novel is laid in Moscow during the boyhood of Peter the Great, as "another 'Zenda' story"?

—The Society of Colonial Dames of the State of New York have celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Gov. Peter Stuyvesant on the Island of Manhattan by opening the old Van Cortlandt mansion, in Van Cortlandt Park, as a public museum.

—*The Musician* is the name of a new London weekly, edited by an amateur. The first number (May 12) contains articles by Philip Spitta and George Moore, and among the contributors to future issues will be Mme. Bruneau, Camille Bellaigue, Hugues Imbert and leading English writers. A portrait of the Princess of Wales in her robes as doctor of music will appear in an early number. The paper has gained the interest of a large and important section of London society, including the Princess herself.

Free Parliament

QUESTION

1844.—I am told that somewhere in the works of Mme. de Staël, there is the thought, "The better I know men, the more I like dogs." I am not sure that that is the exact language of the trans-

lation, but the idea is there. Did Mme. de Staël write these words, and where are they to be found in her works? If not hers, whose are they?

PHILADELPHIA.

H. C. B.

[An enquiry as to the authorship of this dictum has been received, also, from C. K. J. of St. Paul, Minn.]

Publications Received

- Alden, G. H. *New Governments West of the Alleghenies before 1780.* 50c. Madison, Wis.: University.
- Allen, J. H. *Sequel to "Our Liberal Movement."* \$1. Roberts Bros.
- American History told by Contemporaries. Vol. 1: *Era of Colonization.* 1492-1689. Macmillan Co.
- Becke, L. *His Native Wife.* 75c. J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Berwick, J. *The Secret of Saint Florel.* \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
- Bower, Marian. *The Story of Mollie.* \$1. Roberts Bros.
- Chamberlain Collection of Autographs. Boston: Public Library.
- Clarke, M. *Story of Troy.* 60c. American Book Co.
- Clay, H. M. *The Earl's Atonement.* Rand, McNally & Co.
- Conway, W. M. *The First Crossing of Spitzbergen.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Cooke, F. E. *History for Young Readers: England.* 60c. D. Appleton & Co.
- Crozier, J. B. *History of Intellectual Development.* Vol. 1. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Deussen, Paul. *Sechzig Upanishad's des Veda.* Leipzig: J. A. Brockhaus.
- Dobson, A. A. *Handbook of English Literature.* Longmans, Green & Co.
- Gibbon, E. *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Vol. III. Ed. by J. B. Macmillan Co.
- Gulney, L. I. *Patrina.* \$1.25. Copeland & Day.
- Johnson, H. K. *Woman and the Republic.* \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
- Kilton, F. G. *The Novels of Charles Dickens.* A. C. Armstrong & Son.
- Kuhns, L. Oscar. *The Treatment of Nature in Dante's "Divina Commedia."* \$1.50. Edward Arnold.
- Kroecker, K. F. *History for Young Readers: Germany.* 60c. D. Appleton & Co.
- Larned, J. N. *A Talk about Books.* Peter Paul Book Co.
- Lectures in the Lyceum. Ed. by St. George Stock. \$2.50. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Luce, R. *Going Abroad.* \$1. Boston: Robert and Linn Luce.
- Magnay, W. *The Fall of a Star.* \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
- Maeterlinck, M. *The Treasure of the Humble.* Tr. by A. Sutro. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Marshall, Emma. *Castle Meadow.* \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
- Mason, A. E. W. *The Philanderers.* \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
- Michel, André. *Les Salons de 1897.* Pt. I. Paris: Journal des Débats.
- Nesmith, J. E. *Life and Work of Frederic Thomas Greenhalge.* \$3. Roberts Bros.
- Peel, Robert. *A Bit of a Fool.* R. F. Fenno & Co.
- Periodicals, Newspapers, etc., received in Boston Libraries. Boston: Public Library.
- Ranck, G. W. *The Story of Bryan's Station.* Lexington, Ky.; Transylvania Print. Co.
- Rosa, Clinton. *The Meddling Lussy.* \$1.50. Stone & Kimball.
- Rose, Clinton. *Princess Enigma. Tales from Town Topics.* No. 24. Town Topics Pub. Co.
- Savage, R. H. *Storm Signals.* 25c. Rand, McNally & Co.
- Sizeranne, R. de la. *Ruskin et La Religion de la Beauté.* Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie.
- Shaylor, H. W. *Vertical Round Hand Writing Books.* Nos. 1-7. Ginn & Co.
- Smith, J. C. *Pierceheart, the Soldier.* \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
- Spofford, H. P. *In Titan's Garden.* \$1.25. Copeland & Day.
- Stockard, H. J. *Fugitive Lines.* G. F. Putnam's Sons.
- Sullivan, A. S. *A Questionable Marriage.* Rand, McNally & Co.
- Thomson, F. *New Poems.* \$1.50. Copeland & Day.
- Thomson, H. C. *The Outgoing Turk.* \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
- Tooley, S. A. *Personal Life of Queen Victoria.* Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Waylen, James. *The House of Cromwell.* London: Elliot Stock.
- Wilkins, W. H. *The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton.* 2 vols. \$7.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Wright, M. E. *Hired Furnished.* \$1.25. Roberts Bros.

The Forum

JUNE, 1897.

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- The Case of Captain Dreyfus....."VINCE"
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dinners in London, and he will be really missed. Mme. Grand's book, by the bye, may be expected this autumn. Its title is not yet settled, but it is likely to be of a somewhat surprising, or, rather, puzzling, character.

LONDON, 21 May 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Fine Arts

The Shaw Memorial by St. Gaudens

FOR A GOOD many years past, visitors to the studio of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens in West 34th Street, have found the main room bisected by a huge partition, sometimes covered with canvas, at other times exposed to view. The face of the partition was composed of plaster, and when uncovered it revealed the figure of a soldier on horseback, with a crowd of Negroes marching beside him, supporting muskets on their shoulders. It was designed for a very large monument, showing many figures, and the sculptor made no undue haste in pushing it to completion. At last, however, it was finished, and the splendid memorial to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw and his fellow officers, and the colored soldiers of the regiment, unveiled at Boston this week, on Decoration Day, fully justified—if justification were needed—the long years of patient elaboration that had gone to the modelling of this spirited group of men and boys, with the symbolical figure of Fame floating overhead and directing their onward march. The monument stands immediately in front of the State House, and crowns the grassy knoll that rises to Beacon Street. A terrace seventy feet long, set back from the sidewalk, is surrounded on three sides by a balustrade and seat of pink granite. In the centre, flanked with bronze Ionic pilasters and crowned by an arched cornice, is a massive granite panel, which bears Mr. St. Gaudens's work in bronze, in high relief. At each end of the panel, resting on the balustrade, is a sphere surmounted by an eagle. The balustrade is relieved at the corners by urns; and its face is enriched with a series of wreaths, above which are carved the names of Captains Cabot Jackson Russell and William Harris Simpkins, First Lieutenants Edward Lewis Stevens and David Reid and Second Lieutenant Frederick Hedge Webster. A long oblong panel beneath the central bronze relief is thus inscribed:—

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

Colonel of the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry. Born in Boston, October X., MDCCCXXXVII. Killed While Leading the Assault on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July XVIII, MDCCC-LXIII.

Right in the van on the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge he fell

Forward, as fits a man.

But the high soul burns on to light men's feet,
When death for noble ends makes dying sweet.

(The quotation is, of course, from Lowell's poem on Shaw.)

On the side toward the Common the balustrade is supported by a smooth wall, some eight feet high, relieved by three full-sized heads of lions. From their mouths issue streams of water into a massive granite basin, terminating at the sides in low seats, which extend to the flight of steps that leads up at each end. On the reverse of the central panel is an inscription to "The Black Rank and File," written for the purpose some years since by President Eliot of Harvard, who has an unrivalled reputation as a writer of inscriptions. Admirable reproductions of the monument—which, all things considered, may be accepted as Mr. St. Gaudens's *chef d'œuvre*—are to be found in *Harper's Weekly* and the *May Century*.

A New Museum of Decorative Art

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art is not only practically out-of-town to most of the workers in artistic trades, but its regulations do not permit of the free use of the models shown there. The need of a museum like the Paris Musée des Arts Décoratifs, where designers and artisans might sketch and measure and trace from the models, has long been felt here. It is owing to the Misses Eleanor and Sallie Hewitt, who have spent the past three years in the work, that New York has at last a Museum of the Decorative Arts, which will be more than a show place, and where to those who have practical needs to serve will be given facilities which could not be permitted indiscriminately.

The new Museum is on the Fourth Avenue and Astor Place sides of the Cooper Union building. A large gallery contains a full collection of casts of sculpture and architecture, mainly of the historical French styles most in use at present. These were specially selected by the director of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs

from the large collection of that institution. There are casts of interior decorations from the Tuileries; of doors, clocks and mirror frames from St. Cloud; a complete reproduction of the charming little boudoir of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; Jean Goujon's celebrated panels in the Hôtel Carnavalet; bas-reliefs by Clodion, and fragments from the Petit Trianon and the house of Mme. de Sévigné. Some large statues from the Versailles fountains are placed in the centre of the gallery. These are the gift of Mr. George A. Hearn.

In addition to the collection of casts, the Museum already contains numerous reproductions of the ancient locksmith's work, of old laces and brocades, examples of wall-papers, ancient carpet and furniture patterns, and the nucleus of what should become a very interesting collection of pottery and porcelain. These examples are supplemented by many frames and portfolios full of photographs, sketches and engravings, so that the Museum, though not yet what it may and should become, is already equipped to start at once on its career of usefulness. Its contents, so far, have been chosen and arranged with excellent judgment. Type-written cards, attached to the exhibits, give full descriptions of each and preclude the necessity of a catalogue. Entrance to the Museum is by card, which can be procured at the office of the Cooper Union. Arrangements are being made to keep open in the evening and on Sunday.

The Cooper Statue

THE unveiling of the statue of Peter Cooper, in the small park facing the south front of Cooper Union, took place on May 29. The ceremonies in the great hall of the building, presided over by Mayor Strong, were impressive, and began with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Peters, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, who had promised to open the proceedings, being too ill to be present. The commemorative address was made by Mr. John E. Parsons. Among those present were Peter Cooper's son and son-in-law, ex-Mayors Cooper and Hewitt, and several of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. It was announced by Mr. Hewitt that a sister of Mr. Cooper, who died this year, had left \$200,000 to the Institute.

Art Notes

A STATUE of Robert Ross, the "hero of peace," who was murdered by Bat Shea at the polls in Troy, was unveiled in Oakwood Cemetery, near that city, on May 26. It is the work of Mr. J. Massey Rhind, represents a man defending the ballot-box with one hand and grasping an American flag with the other, and was erected by the Robert Ross Association, composed of prominent women of the city.

—The Rochester Society of Arts and Crafts held an exhibition, last week, of Japanese prints and modern French posters, prints and covers. The catalogue contained a useful short introduction.

—Messrs. J. & R. Lamb have just finished a stained glass window, the design of Mr. F. S. Lamb, which will be temporarily placed in the woman's building at the Nashville exposition, and then be put up in the permanent woman's building in Nashville, Tenn. The central circle, filling fully one-half, is occupied by three figures, that of Literature being in the centre. Artistic Industry is on her left, and Fine Arts on her right.

—To relieve the Trustees of the Boston Public Library of an embarrassing contention, Mr. C. F. McKim has withdrawn his present of the "Bacchante" by MacMonnies.

Education

THE Eighth Annual Report of the Aguilar Free Library of this city is a record of excellent work. The society maintains free libraries at 197 East Broadway, 616 Fifth, 113 E. 59th and 176 E. 110th Streets. At three of these libraries there are free reading-rooms. During the year ending 31 Oct. last, 339,420 volumes were circulated, on a basis of about 36,000. Dr. Henry M. Leipziger reports that among the most popular books are Fiske's "Civil Government," Spencer's "First Principles," Shakespeare, Taine's "English Literature," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Tennyson's poems, "David Copperfield," Eggleston's "American History" and Martin's "Human Body." At the East Broadway Library, near the homes of the Russian immigrants, the demand for American history and biography can hardly be satisfied, and the circulation of purely instructive books is larger than at any of the other branches. The Aguilar Library coöperates, as far as possible, with the public schools.

Dr. John S. Billings, Superintendent of the New York Public Library, has made the suggestion that the New York Historical Society, while looking for a new site, could advantageously combine its resources with those of the Library.

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor appeals for funds for the vacation schools. The continually increasing attendance at these schools, which offer coolness and play and pleasant instruction when the streets are too hot and the homes too stuffy, shows their appreciation by the children of the poor. The Board of Education provides the buildings; all other expenses must be met by private contributions. The schools are a factor for good, and deserve hearty support. Checks should be made payable to Mr. Warner Van Norden, 25 Nassau Street, distinctly marked "For the Vacation Schools," and be sent to Mr. W. H. Tolman, 105 East 22nd Street.

The Sultan has withdrawn his objections to the appointment of Dr. James B. Angell as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Constantinople.

Prof. John Fiske of Harvard University will deliver the commencement address at the Woman's College of Baltimore, on June 15. His subject will be "Old and New Ways of Treating History." The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss of the Methodist Church.

Dr. Josiah Royce, Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard, has been appointed Gifford lecturer at the University of Aberdeen, for the terms 1898-99 and 1899-1900.

The will of the late Mrs. J. H. French of Beloit, Wis., bequeaths \$10,000 to the American Humane Education Society, and a large sum to Beloit College, on condition that vivisection shall not be practiced in the College or any of its departments. In case this condition is violated, the money is to be paid to the American Humane Education Society.

Mr. William R. Grace has purchased the old Moore mansion, at 153 West 60th Street, and will remodel it as the home of Grace Institute, the industrial school for young girls recently projected and endowed by him.

The litigation over the will of the late Mrs. Catherine Garcelon of Oakland, Cal., who died in 1891, has been ended by the decision of the United States Supreme Court, dismissing the appeal in the Merritt suit. The will leaves \$400,000 to Bowdoin College, and \$600,000 to Oakland, for a hospital.

The Presbyterian General Assembly has quietly tabled a resolution censuring the authorities of Princeton University for providing wine at the anniversary banquet, last fall.

Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York, have in press "The Young American," by Prof. Harry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago. The book, which is intended for supplementary reading in schools and for general circulation, presents an outline of the origin, nature and functions of civil government. It will be illustrated.

Two books of interest to college men will be published immediately by the Fleming H. Revell Co.—"Strategic Points in the World's Conquest: the Universities and Colleges as Related to the Progress of Christianity," by Mr. John R. Mott; and "The Culture of Christian Manhood: Sunday Mornings in Battell Chapel, Yale University," collected and arranged by Mr. W. H. Salmon. The list of contributors to the latter volume includes many familiar names.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in the fall, "Constitutional Studies, State and Federal," by Prof. James Schouler, being the substance of lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University during 1893-96.

The first volume of the "Expositor's Greek Testament," to be published shortly by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., will cover the Synoptic Gospels, by the Rev. Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D., Professor of Apologetics, Free Church College, Glasgow; and the Gospel of St. John, by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., Professor of Exegetical Theology, New College, Edinburgh. It is expected that the work will run into four volumes, each volume to be published at an interval of one year. The same house announces that publication in this country of the English version of the Polychrome Bible, edited by Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, is to be begun in October, with the issue of "Judges," edited by Prof. Moore of Andover; "Isaiah," edited by Canon T. Cheyne, Oxford; and "Psalms," edited by Prof. Wellhausen.

Notes

MR. W. W. APPLETON has just returned from his annual trip abroad, with the MS. of Mr. Hall Caine's new story, "The Christian," under his arm. Mr. Appleton is described by a London paper as a "tall, distinguished-looking man, whose personal appearance and style remind one of Mr. S. B. Hascroft. He is an entertaining talker, and has a keen perception of what is genuinely good and promising in the literature of to-day. He is one of the most enterprising of transatlantic publishers, and has an able permanent representative in London in the person of Dr. G. W. Sheldon."

—Mr. Charles Scribner, who has just returned from abroad, met with an accident on his voyage out, in the spring, from which he has not yet entirely recovered, though he is out and about. In helping his wife up the companionway, one rough day, his foot slipped and he came down with all his weight on his elbow. The doctors do not know whether any bones are broken, but Mr. Scribner knows that it is very painful.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have recently issued "Some Correspondence between the Governors and Treasurers of the New England Company in London and the Commissioners of the United Colonies in America, the Missionaries of the Company, and Others, between the Years 1657-1712," among the correspondence printed for the first time being several letters from John Eliot, the "Apostle to the North American Indians," Increase Mather, the Rev. Experience Mayhew, Cotton Mather and other representatives, of the New England Company. There is also an account of certain visits to the Pequot and Mohegan Indians in 1713-1714. Only 100 copies are for sale in this country.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for instant publication "The Land of the Dollar," by G. W. Stevens, whom the London *Daily Mail* sent to this country, last autumn, as a special correspondent. His letters to the paper form the basis of his book, which gives a series of impressions, not only of our political ways, but of the country and its life as seen by him. Mr. Stevens has recently acted as war-correspondent in Greece for the same paper.

—Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will issue shortly "The Gadfly," a novel by a new author, the scene of which is laid in Italy during the political conspiracies against the Austrians in the first half of the present century.

—Mr. Edward Arnold announces for immediate publication "The Chances of Death, and Other Studies in Evolution," by Karl Pearson, author of "Ethics of Free Thought"; and "Memories of the Months," papers on topics of rural life, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, editor of the Sportsman's Library. Mr. Arnold has imported for the American market the biography of Lord Cromer, by H. D. Traill.

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. will add to their series of booklets "The Soul's Quest after God," by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

—Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son announce a new volume of the Book Lovers' Library, entitled "The Novels of Charles Dickens," a bibliography and sketch, by F. G. Kitton, author of "Dickensiana," "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," etc., with an unpublished portrait.

—Messrs. F. A. Stokes Co. have received word that Mr. Edward Rose, who dramatized "The Prisoner of Zenda," has been at work upon "The Heart of Princess Osra" for some time, and is to dramatize "Phroso" as well. It is likely that one or both of these plays will be upon the boards in this country during the coming season.

—Among the most promising young writers of the past few years is Mr. John Fox, Jr., whose first story, "A Mountain Europa," originally published in *The Century*, at once won approval, and whose later work, including "A Cumberland Vendetta," has greatly strengthened his reputation. Mr. Fox, though still in the early thirties, has had a varied experience. Born in the Kentucky "blue-grass" region, he was educated at Harvard, where he distinguished himself both as athlete and student. Then he studied law in New York City, but abandoned it for newspaper work, which gave him an excellent training for story-writing, and finally broke down his health. He returned to Kentucky to recuperate, and there lived among the mountaineers, gathering the material that he has since woven into fiction. During the past two years Mr. Fox has had considerable success as a reader from his own stories, and as a lecturer. He is now in Virginia, working on a new book, and revising the proof-sheets of "Hell fer Sartain, and Other Stories," soon to be published by the Messrs. Harper.

—Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks is writing a book describing the adventures of a party of boys and girls on a series of trips to the famous battlefields of the Revolution. The author recently visited the scenes himself, accompanied by Mr. Ellsworth of the Century Co., who photographed the historic fields and monuments for the book and for an illustrated lecture which he is to deliver next winter under Major Pond's auspices. "The Century Book of the American Revolution" will be the third in the series of patriotic volumes which began with "The Century Book for Young Americans"—a work that has sold to the extent of 25,000 copies. It will have a preface by Mr. Depew, and bear the endorsement of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. In view of the great interest in matters pertaining to the Revolution, it is singular that there has been no book of just this sort since Lossing's, which appeared in 1855.

—A series of satirical articles on our popular summer resorts, by Joseph Smith, with unique illustrations, will make *Life* interesting during the summer months.

—The biography of Tennyson is all in print, and Lord Tennyson is engaged in correcting the proofs. It makes two large volumes, each of which will have a number of illustrations. As might be thought, a good deal of the story of Tennyson's life has been told by means of his own letters. The precise terms of the title do not appear to have been decided upon yet, only the field of choice in such a matter is not very wide.

—Mr. E. S. Martin, whose "Busy World" is one of the special attractions of *Harper's Weekly*, has turned his back upon Rochester and come to New York to live.

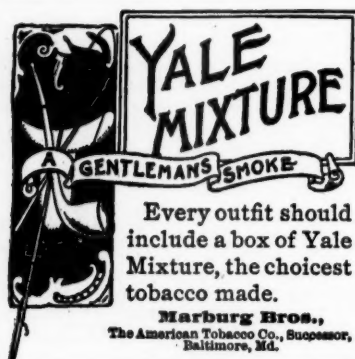
—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday on May 27 at her home in Boston. She received flowers, letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. A cablegram from Greece thanked her for money she has raised to aid the suffering Cretans. Mrs. Howe was re-elected president of the New England Woman's Suffrage Association and addressed a large gathering of Unitarians in Music Hall on the evening of her birthday.

—The "leafy Devon," which even Herrick gladly deserted for London, is good enough for Mr. Rudyard Kipling, says *The Daily Chronicle*. Despite a more than usually wet season, he has found the neighborhood of Torquay a sufficiently agreeable place of residence to decide him to return to it again next winter.

—Mrs. S. H. R. Goodale and her daughter, Miss Dora Read Goodale, have met recently with very serious losses in the destruction of literary work and material by the burning of their home at Amherst, Mass. The pecuniary loss, including books, pictures and all personal belongings as well as household effects, was also disastrous.

—Rumors of Mark Twain's precarious health and impoverished condition have again reached this country from London. As a matter of fact, Mr. Clemens is in good health again, and living in a pleasant apartment in Chelsea. His book has been finished, and he intends to spend the summer in Austria, with his family. On May 27 Mr. Clemens dined with a few friends, including Mr. Nelson, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and the London correspondent of the Associated Press. "His hair is almost white, but his face has a good color, his eyes are bright and his figure is upright and alert. He talked entertainingly all the evening about his travels, his book and his experiences in London."

—"Zola, having been told that Brunetière had, in a lecture delivered in New York, criticised with a severity of denunciation which almost equaled political invective the writings of Zola, made no reply," says *Leslie's Weekly*. "There was none for him to make. He could have done no more than again to defend his methods and ideals. He could not deny Brunetière's authority, nor could he justly accuse that profound French critic of personal animosity. The first essential for true literary criticism, Brunetière declared in one of the American lectures recently given, is that the critic absolutely divests himself of all personal feeling, either of friendship or enmity. His great authority, his kingship in the realm of literary criticism, is due partly to the fact that he is known always to approach his subject absolutely free from any personal bias, unhindered, and at full liberty to tell the truth."



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—It is said that Sardou has presented to Sir Henry Irving the inkstand used by him in writing "Mme. Sans-Gêne" as a token of his satisfaction with Sir Henry's interpretation of the part of Napoleon. He should present the pen with which the play was written to Miss Terry, as an acknowledgment of her admirable performance of the title rôle.

—The ashes of the late Hubert M. Crakanthorpe have been deposited in a memorial chapel in Westmoreland.

—By Mr. Coventry Patmore's will, his widow was made his literary executrix, all his copyrights, MSS., correspondence, etc., being left to her. Mrs. Patmore is now preparing a memoir of her husband, with the assistance of Messrs. Basil Champneys and Frederick Greenwood.

—It is generally expected, says *The Daily Chronicle*, that the celebration of the Queen's long reign will imply a special distribution of honors. "In that relation it is being suggested, 'Why not a titled publisher?' Authorship, the drama, journalism have been so recognized. Are the publishers beyond recognition *qua* publishers? The point is interesting, and a certain attention will wait upon it." Why not Sir Frederick Macmillan?

—Norman Macleod, son of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, who died in Chicago some time ago, was well known in literary circles in that city some ten years ago, and was for a time editor of *The Rambler*. In 1890 he started a literary agency company in London, which failed.

—Why does the Chicago *Times-Herald* allude to "On the Red Staircase," by M. Imlay Taylor, the scene of which novel is laid in Moscow during the boyhood of Peter the Great, as "another 'Zenda' story"?

—The Society of Colonial Dames of the State of New York have celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Gov. Peter Stuyvesant on the Island of Manhattan by opening the old Van Cortlandt mansion, in Van Cortlandt Park, as a public museum.

—*The Musician* is the name of a new London weekly, edited by an amateur. The first number (May 12) contains articles by Philip Spitta and George Moore, and among the contributors to future issues will be Mme. Bruneau, Camille Bellaigue, Hugues Imbert and leading English writers. A portrait of the Princess of Wales in her robes as doctor of music will appear in an early number. The paper has gained the interest of a large and important section of London society, including the Princess herself.

Free Parliament

QUESTION

1844.—I am told that somewhere in the works of Mme. de Staël, there is the thought, "The better I know men, the more I like dogs." I am not sure that that is the exact language of the trans-

lation, but the idea is there. Did Mme. de Staël write these words, and where are they to be found in her works? If not hers, whose are they?

PHILADELPHIA.

H. C. B.

[An enquiry as to the authorship of this dictum has been received, also, from C. K. J. of St. Paul, Minn.]

Publications Received

- Alden, G. H. *New Governments West of the Alleghenies before 1780.* 90c. Madison, Wis.: University. Roberts Bros.
- Allen, J. H. *Sequel to "Our Liberal Movement."* \$1. Madison, Wis.: University. Roberts Bros.
- American History told by Contemporaries. Vol. 1: *Era of Colonization.* 1492-1689. Ed. by A. B. Hart. \$2. Macmillan Co.
- Becke, L. *His Native Wife.* 75c. J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Berwick, J. *The Secret of Saint Florel.* \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
- Bower, Marian. *The Story of Mollie.* \$1. Roberts Bros.
- Chamberlain Collection of Autographs. Boston: Public Library.
- Clarke, M. *Story of Troy.* 60c. American Book Co.
- Clay, H. M. *The Earl's Atonement.* Rand, McNally & Co.
- Conway, W. M. *The First Crossing of Spitzbergen.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Cooke, F. E. *History for Young Readers: England.* 60c. D. Appleton & Co.
- Crozier, J. B. *History of Intellectual Development.* Vol. 1. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Deussen, Paul. *Sechzig Upanishads des Veda.* Leipzig: J. A. Brockhaus.
- Dobson, A. *A Handbook of English Literature.* Longmans, Green & Co.
- Gibbon, E. *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Vol. III. Ed. by J. B. Bury. \$2. Macmillan Co.
- Guiney, L. I. *Patrina.* \$1.25. Copeland & Day.
- Johnson, H. K. *Woman and the Republic.* \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
- Kittin, F. G. *The Novels of Charles Dickens.* A. C. Armstrong & Son.
- Kuhns, L. Oscar. *The Treatment of Dante's "Divina Commedia."* \$1.50. Edward Arnold.
- Kroeker, K. F. *History for Young Readers: Germany.* 60c. D. Appleton & Co.
- Larned, J. N. *A Talk about Books.* Peter Paul Book Co.
- Lectures in the Lyceum. Ed. by St. George Stock. \$2.50. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Luce, R. *Going Abroad.* \$1. Boston: Robert and Linn Luce.
- Magnay, W. *The Fall of a Star.* \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
- Maeterlinck, M. *The Treasure of the Humble.* Tr. by A. Sutro. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Marshall, Emma. *Castle Meadow.* \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
- Mason, A. K. W. *The Philanderers.* \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
- Michel, André. *Les Salons de 1897.* Pt. I. Paris: Journal des Débats.
- NeSmith, J. E. *Life and Work of Frederic Thomas Greenhalge.* \$3. Roberts Bros.
- Peel, Robert. *A Bit of a Fool.* R. F. Fenno & Co.
- Periodicals, Newspapers, etc., received in Boston Libraries. Boston: Public Library.
- Ranck, G. W. *The Story of Bryan's Station.* Lexington, Ky.: Transylvania Print. Co.
- Ross, Clinton. *The Meddling Lussy.* \$1.50. Stone & Kimball.
- Ross, Clinton. *Princess Enigma. Tales from Town Topics.* No. 34. Town Topics Pub. Co.
- Savage, R. H. *Storm Signals.* 55c. Rand, McNally & Co.
- Sizeranne, R. de la. *Ruskin et La Religion de la Beauté.* Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie.
- Shaylor, H. W. *Vertical Round Hand Writing Books.* Nos. 1-7. Ginn & Co.
- Smith, J. C. *Fierceheart, the Soldier.* \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
- Spofford, H. P. *In Titian's Garden.* \$1.25. Copeland & Day.
- Stoddard, H. J. *Fugitive Lines.* C. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Sullivan, A. S. *A Questionable Marriage.* Rand, McNally & Co.
- Thomson, F. *New Poems.* \$1.50. Copeland & Day.
- Thomson, H. C. *The Outgoing Turk.* \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
- Tooley, S. A. *Personal Life of Queen Victoria.* Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Waylen, James. *The House of Cromwell.* London: Elliot Stock.
- Wilkins, W. H. *The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton.* 2 vols. \$7.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Wright, M. E. *Hired Furnished.* \$1.25. Roberts Bros.

The Forum

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